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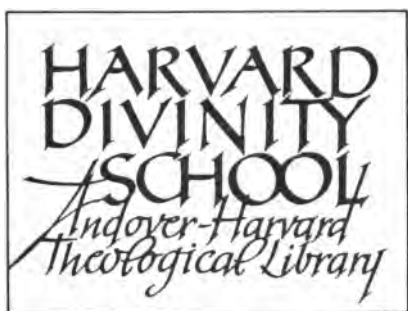
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A SELECTION
OF
PSALMS AND HYMNS
FOR
Public Worship.

USED IN
PORTBURY AND TICKENHAM CHURCHES.

O sing unto the Lord a NEW SONG; sing unto the
Lord all the earth.

Sing unto the Lord, bless his name: shew forth his
salvation from day to day.

Psalm xcvi. 1, 2.

FIFTH EDITION,

CAMBRIDGE;

Printed by James Hodson:
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and by J. & J. J. Deighton, Cambridge;
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1830.

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PREFACE TO THE FIFTH EDITION.

THE present Selection was originally compiled for the use of St. Michael's Church, in Cambridge; but having been since adopted in many other Churches, the title-page is now altered to one of a more general character.

In this edition also other improvements are introduced. Besides the addition of an Index of Subjects, (for the peculiarity of the arrangement supersedes the necessity of an Index of Scriptures,) the *metre* of each Psalm or Hymn is marked by its initial letters; the long, common, and short metres being distinguished by L. M. C. M. and S. M., and all the rest by P. M. *Peculiar Metre*. But the peculiar metres, being very numerous, are farther distinguished either by the name of some popular tune to which they are adapted, or by the number in the Old Version of Psalms to which they correspond, and which are generally known, viz. the 104th, 113th, and 148th.

Cambridge, November, 1830.

BV

370

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**TO THE VENERABLE
THE ARCHDEACON OF ELY,**

The following Selection,

**ORIGINALLY COMPILED
FOR THE USE OF THE CHURCH
IN WHICH HIS OFFICIAL VISITATIONS ARE HELD,
IS WITH PERMISSION DEDICATED,
AS A SMALL TOKEN OF UNFEIGNED RESPECT,
BY THE COMPILER.**

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PSALMS.



PSALM I. (L. M.)

- 1 **HAPPY** the man, whose cautious feet
Shun the broad way that sinners go;
Who hates the place where atheists meet,
And fears to talk as scoffers do.
- 2 He loves t'employ his morning-light
Among the statutes of the Lord;
And spends the wakeful hours of night,
With pleasure pond'ring o'er his word.
- 3 He, like a plant by gentle streams,
Shall flourish in immortal green;
And heav'n will shine with kindest beams
On every work his hands begin.
- 4 But sinners find their counsels crost,
As chaff before the tempest flies;
So shall their hopes be blown and lost,
When the last trumpet shakes the skies.
- 5 In vain the rebel seeks to stand
In judgement with the pious race:
The dreadful Judge, with stern command,
Divides him to a diff'rent place:
- 6 "Straight is the way my saints have trod;
"I bless'd the path, and drew it plain:
"But you would choose the crooked road,
"And down it leads to endless pain."

PSALM II. (C. M.)

- 1 WHY did the nations join to slay
The Lord's anointed Son?
Why did they cast his laws away,
And tread his gospel down?
 - 2 The Lord, that sits above the skies,
Derides their rage below;
He speaks with vengeance in his eyes,
And strikes their spirits through:
 - 3 "I call him my eternal Son,
"And raise him from the dead;
"I make my holy hill his throne,
"And wide his kingdom spread.
 - 4 "Ask me, my Son, and then enjoy
"The utmost heathen lands:
"Thy rod of iron shall destroy
"The rebel that withstands."
 - 5 Be wise, ye rulers of the earth,
Obey th' anointed Lord;
Adore the King of heav'nly birth,
And tremble at his word.
 - 6 With humble love address his throne;
For, if he frown, ye die:
Those are secure, and those alone,
Who on his grace rely.
-

PSALM IV. 6, 7. (C. M.)

- 1 IN vain the erring world inquires
For some substantial good:
While earth confines their low desires,
They live on airy food.
- 2 Not all the bliss which earth bestows
Can fill the craving mind:
Its highest joys have mingled woes,
And leave a sting behind.

- 3 Begone, ye gilded vanities;
I seek some solid good:
To real bliss my wishes rise,
The favour of my God.
- 4 Grant, O my God, this one request:
Oh, be thy grace alone
My ample portion—here I rest,
For heav'n is in the boon.
-

PSALM V. 1—8. (c. m.)

- 1 LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye:
- 2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 Thou art a God, before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand:
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.
- 4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.
- 5 Oh, may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face!
-

PSALM VI. (c. m.)

- 1 IN mercy, not in wrath, rebuke
Thy feeble worm, O God:

- My spirit dreads thy angry look,
And trembles at thy rod.
- 2 Have mercy, Lord, for I am weak;
Regard my heavy groans;
Oh, let thy voice of comfort speak,
And heal my broken bones.
- 3 Return, and shew thy power to save,
And spare my fainting breath;
For who can praise thee in the grave,
Or sing thy name in death?
- 4 Now let my enemies depart,
Nor tempt me to despair:
My Saviour comes to cheer my heart;
The Lord hath heard my prayer.
-

PSALM VIII. PART I. 1—4. (C. M.)

- 1 O THOU, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name!
- 2 In heav'n thy wondrous acts are sung,
Nor fully reckon'd there;
And yet thou mak'st the infant tongue
Thy boundless praise declare.
- 3 When heav'n, thy beauteous work on high,
Employs my wond'ring sight,
'The moon, that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feebler light;
- 4 What's man, O Lord, that thou shouldst love
To keep him in thy mind?
His offspring what, that thou shouldst prove
To them so wondrous kind?
- 5 O Thou, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,

Through all the world how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name!

PSALM VIII. PART II. 4—9. (L. M.)

- 1 LORD, what was man when made at first,
Adam, the offspring of the dust,
That thou shouldst set him and his race
But just below an angel's place?
 - 2 That thou shouldst raise his nature so,
And make him lord of all below;
Make every beast and bird submit,
And lay the fishes at his feet!
 - 3 But oh, what brighter glories wait
To crown the second Adam's state!
What honours shall thy Son adorn,
Who condescended to be born!
 - 4 See him below his angels made,
See him in dust among the dead,
To save a ruin'd world from sin;
But he shall reign with power divine.
 - 5 The world to come, redeem'd from all
The mis'ries that attend the fall,
New-made and glorious shall submit
At our exalted Saviour's feet.
-

PSALM X. (C. M.)

- 1 WHY doth the Lord stand off so far,
And why conceal his face,
When great calamities appear,
And times of deep distress?
- 2 Lord, shall the wicked still deride
Thy justice and thy power?
Shall they advance their heads in pride,
And still thy saints devour?

- 3 They put thy judgements from their sight,
And then insult the poor;
They boast in their exalted height,
That they shall fall no more.
 - 4 Arise, O God! lift up thy hand,
Attend our humble cry:
No enemy shall dare to stand,
When God ascends on high.
 - 5 Thou wilt prepare our hearts to pray,
And cause thine ears to hear;
Wilt hearken what thy children say,
And put the world in fear.
-

PSALM XI. (L.M.)

- 1 MY refuge is the God of love:
Why do my foes insult and cry,
"Fly, like a tim'rous trembling dove,
"To distant woods or mountains fly?"
 - 2 The Lord in heav'n hath fix'd his throne,
His eyes survey the world below;
To him all mortal things are known;
His eyelids search our spirits through.
 - 3 If he afflicts his saints so far,
To prove their love, and try their grace;
What may the bold transgressors fear?
His very soul abhors their ways.
 - 4 'The righteous Lord loves righteous souls,
Whose thoughts and actions are sincere;
And with a gracious eye beholds
The men that his own image bear.
-

PSALM XVI. 8—11. (L.M.)

- 1 WHEN God is nigh, my faith is strong;
His arm is my almighty prop:

- Be glad, my heart; rejoice, my tongue;
My dying flesh shall rest in hope.
- 2 Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My soul for ever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.
- 3 My flesh shall thy first call obey,
Shake off the dust, and rise on high;
Then shalt thou lead the wondrous way
Up to thy throne above the sky.
- 4 There streams of endless pleasure flow;
And full discov'ries of thy grace,
Which we but tasted here below,
Spread heav'nly joys through all the place.
-

PSALM XVII. 14, 15. (L. M.)

- 1 What sinners value, I resign:
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine:
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.
- 2 This life's a dream, an empty shew;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere:
When shall I wake and find me there?
- 3 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more controul
The sacred pleasures of the soul.
- 4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

PSALM XVIII. 30—50. (L.M.)

- 1 **JUST** are thy ways, and true thy word,
Great Rock of my secure abode :
Who is a God beside the Lord ?
Or where's a refuge like our God ?
 - 2 'Tis he that girds me with his might,
Gives me his holy sword to wield ;
And, while with sin and hell I fight,
Spreads his salvation for my shield.
 - 3 He lives (and blessed be my rock !)
The God of my salvation lives :
The dark designs of hell are broke ;
Sweet is the peace my Father gives.
 - 4 To David and his royal seed
Thy grace for ever shall extend :
Thy love to saints in Christ their head
Knows not a limit nor an end.
-

PSALM XIX. PART I. 1—6. (L.M.)

- 1 **THE** spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
- 2 Th' unwearied sun from day to day
Doth his Creator's power display,
And publisheth to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.
- 3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth :
- 4 *While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,*

- Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 5 What, though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball?
What, though no real voice or sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
- 6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is divine!"
-

PSALM XIX. PART II. 6—14. (S.M.)

- 1 BEHOLD the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.
- 2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.
- 3 How perfect is thy word!
And all thy judgements just;
For ever sure thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.
- 4 I hear thy word with love,
And I would fain obey:
Send thy good Spirit from above
To guide me, lest I stray.
- 5 While with my heart and tongue
I spread thy praise abroad,
Accept the worship and the song,
My Saviour and my God!

PSALM XIX. VERSION III. (L. M.)

- 1 THE heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord;
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.
 - 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ,
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
 - 3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand:
So when thy truth began its race,
It touch'd and glanc'd on every land.
 - 4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light, or feel the sun.
 - 5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise;
Bless the dark world with heav'nly light:
Thy gospel makes the simple wise;
Thy laws are pure, thy judgements right.
 - 6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renew'd, and sins forgiv'n:
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heav'n.
-

PSALM XXII. 24—31. (C. M.)

- 1 ONCE did our suff'ring Saviour pray,
With mighty cries and tears:
God heard him in that dreadful day,
And chas'd away his fears.
- 2 Great was the vict'ry of his death,
His throne exalted high;
And all the kindreds of the earth
Must worship, or must die.

- 3 A num'rous offspring shall arise
From his expiring groans :
They shall be reckon'd in his eyes
For daughters and for sons.
- 4 The meek and humble souls shall see
His table richly spread ;
And all that seek the Lord shall be
With joys immortal fed.
- 5 The isles shall know the righteousness
Of our incarnate God ;
And nations yet unborn profess
Salvation in his blood.
-

PSALM XXIII. VERSION I. (P. M. Carey's.)

- 1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care:
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wand'ring steps he leads ;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors over-spread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still :
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.
-

PSALM XXIII. VERSION II. (C. M.)

- 1 MY Shepherd will supply my need,
Jehovah is his name ;
-

- In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.
- 2 He brings my wand'ring spirit back,
When I forsake his ways;
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.
- 3 When I walk through the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay;
A word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.
- 4 Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,
Doth still my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.
- 5 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days:
Oh, may thy house be mine abode,
And all my work be praise!
-

PSALM XXIV. (L. M.)

- 1 THIS spacious earth is all the Lord's,
And men and worms, and beasts and birds;
He rais'd the building on the seas,
And gave it for their dwelling-place.
- 2 But there's a brighter world on high,
Thy palace, Lord, above the sky:
Who shall ascend that blest abode,
And dwell so near his maker, God?
- 3 He that abhors and fears to sin,
Whose heart is pure, whose hands are clean;
Him shall the Lord, the Saviour, bless,
And clothe his soul with righteousness.
- 4 Rejoice, ye shining worlds on high,
Behold the King of glory nigh:

Who can this King of glory be?
The mighty Lord, the Saviour's he.

- 5 Ye heav'nly gates, your leaves display,
To make the Lord, the Saviour, way;
Laden with spoils from earth and hell,
The conqu'ror comes, with God to dwell.
- 6 Rais'd from the dead, he goes before;
He opens heaven's eternal door,
To give his saints a blest abode,
Near their Redeemer and their God.

PSALM XXV. 12—21. (S. M.)

- 1 WHERE shall the man be found,
That fears t' offend his God;
That loves the gospel's joyful sound,
And trembles at the rod?
- 2 The Lord shall make him know
The secrets of his heart,
The wonders of his cov'nant shew,
And all his love impart.
- 3 Mine eyes and my desire
Are ever to the Lord:
I love to plead his promises,
And rest upon his word.
- 4 Turn, turn thee to my soul;
Bring thy salvation near:
When will thy hand release my feet
Out of the deadly snare?
- 5 Oh, keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame;
For I have plac'd my only trust
In my Redeemer's name.

PSALM XXVI. (C. M.)

- 1 O LORD, my Judge, thy searching eyes
My deeds and thoughts have known:

- On thee my stedfast soul relies,
And waits on thee alone.
- 2 Oh, search me still; my heart and reins
With strictest view survey;
It is thy love my hope sustains,
Thy truth directs my way.
- 3 How oft, inspir'd with warmth divine,
Thy temple have I trod!
How lov'd the courts, whose walls enshrine
The glory of my God!
- 4 Pour forth, O Lord, while thus I tread
The path by thee prepar'd,
Thy beams of mercy on my head;
And round me plant a guard.
- 5 Thou, Lord, my steps hast fixt aright,
And pleas'd shalt hear my tongue
With Israel's favour'd sons unite,
To form the grateful song.
-

PSALM XXVII. 1—5, 14. (C. M.)

- 1 THE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too:
God is my strength; nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.
- 2 One privilege my heart desires;
Oh, grant me an abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God.
- 3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still;
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And there inquire thy will.
- 4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may thy children hide:

God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

- 5 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
And keep your courage up;
He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
And far exceed your hope.
-

PSALM XXIX. (L. M.)

- 1 GIVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,
Give to the Lord renown and power;
Ascribe due honours to his name,
And his eternal might adore.
- 2 The Lord proclaims his power aloud,
Over the ocean and the land:
His voice divides the wat'ry cloud,
And lightnings blaze at his command.
- 3 To Lebanon he turns his voice,
And, lo! the stately cedars break;
The mountains tremble at the noise,
The vallies roar, the deserts quake.
- 4 The Lord sits sov'reign on the flood,
The Thunderer reigns for ever King;
But makes his church his blest abode,
Where we his awful glories sing.
- 5 In gentler language there the Lord
The counsels of his grace imparts;
Amid the raging storm, his word
Speaks peace and courage to our hearts.
-

PSALM XXX. 1—5, 11—2. (L. M.)

- 1 I WILL extol thee, Lord, on high:
At thy command diseases fly:
Who but a God can speak and save
From the dark borders of the grave?
- 

- 2 Sing to the Lord, ye saints of his,
And tell how large his goodness is:
Let all your powers rejoice and bless,
While you record his holiness.
- 3 His anger but a moment stays;
His love is life and length of days:
Though grief and tears the night employ,
The morning-star restores the joy.
- 4 My tongue, the glory of my frame,
Shall ne'er be silent of thy name;
Thy praises shall sound thro' earth & heav'n,
For sickness heal'd, and sins forgiv'n.
-

PSALM XXXI. 1—2, 15, 19, 24. (S. M.)

- 1 DEFEND me, Lord, from shame,
For still I trust in thee;
As just and righteous is thy name,
From danger set me free.
- 2 Bow down thy gracious ear,
And speedy succour send;
Do thou my stedfast Rock appear,
To shelter and defend.
- 3 Whate'er events betide,
Thy wisdom times them all:
Then, Lord, thy servant safely hide
From those that seek his fall.
- 4 How great thy mercies are
To such as fear thy name!
Which thou, for those that trust thy care,
Dost to the world proclaim.
- 5 Ye, that on God rely,
Courageously proceed:
He will your hearts with strength supply,
In every time of need.

PSALM XXXII. 1—6. (S. M.)

- 1 OH, blessed souls are they,
Whose sins are cover'd o'er ;
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.
- 2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care ;
Their lips and lives, without deceit,
Shall prove their faith sincere.
- 3 While I conceal'd my guilt,
I felt the fest'ring wound ;
Till I confess'd my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.
- 4 Let sinners learn to pray ;
Let saints keep near the throne :
Our help, in times of deep distress,
Is found in God alone.

PSALM XXXIII. 12—22. (C. M.)

- 1 BLEST is the nation, where the Lord
Hath fix'd his gracious throne ;
Where he reveals his heav'nly word,
And calls their tribes his own.
- 2 His eye, with infinite survey,
Does the whole world behold ;
He form'd us all of equal clay,
And knows our feeble mould.
- 3 Vain is the strength of beasts or men,
To hope for safety thence ;
But holy souls from God obtain
A strong and sure defence.
- 4 God is their fear, and God their trust,
When plagues or famine spread ;

His watchful eye secures the just
Among ten thousand dead.

- 5 Lord, let our hearts in thee rejoice,
And bless us from thy throne;
For we have made thy word our choice,
And trust thy grace alone.
-

PSALM XXXIV. 1—10. (C. M.)

- 1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 Of his deliv'rance I will boast,
Till all, that are distress'd,
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.
- 3 Oh, magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name:
When in distress to him I call'd,
He to my rescue came.
- 4 Oh, make but trial of his love;
Experience will decide,
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.
- 5 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear:
Make you his service your delight,
Your wants shall be his care.
-

PSALM XXXVI. 5—9. (L. M.)

- 1 HIGH in the heav'ns, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud,
That veils and darkens thy designs.

- 2 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast thy bounty share;
The whole creation is thy charge,
But saints are thy peculiar care.
 - 3 My God, how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs!
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.
 - 4 From the provisions of thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast;
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.
 - 5 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of the Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promis'd in thy word.
-

PSALM XXXVII. 23—36. (C. M.)

- 1 My God, the steps of pious men
Are order'd by thy will;
Though they should fall, they rise again,
Thy hand supports them still.
- 2 The Lord delights to see their ways,
Their virtue he approves;
He'll ne'er deprive them of his grace,
Nor leave the men he loves.
- 3 The heav'nly heritage is theirs,
Their portion and their home:
He feeds them now, and makes them heirs
Of blessings long to come.
- 4 The haughty sinner have I seen,
Not fearing man nor God,
Like a tall bay-tree, fair and green,
Spreading his arms abroad:

20 PSALM XXXVIII. XXXIX.

- 5 And lo! he vanish'd from the ground,
 Destroy'd by hands unseen;
 Nor root, nor branch, nor leaf was found,
 Where all that pride had been.
-

PSALM XXXVIII. 1—9, 21—2. (C. M.)

- 1 AMIDST thy wrath remember love;
 Restore thy servant, Lord;
 Nor let a Father's chast'ning prove
 Like an avenger's sword.
- 2 My sins a heavy load appear,
 And o'er my head are gone;
 Too heavy they for me to bear,
 'Too hard for me t' atone.
- 3 My thoughts are like a troubled sea,
 My head still bending down;
 And I go mourning all the day
 Beneath my Father's frown.
- 4 All my desire to thee is known,
 Thine eye counts every tear;
 And every sigh, and every groan,
 Is notic'd by thine ear.
- 5 My God, forgive my follies past,
 And be for ever nigh:
 O Lord of my salvation, haste,
 Before thy servant die!
-

PSALM XXXIX. 4—7. (C. M.)

- 1 TEACH me the measure of my days,
 Thou Maker of my frame!
 I would survey life's narrow space,
 And learn how frail I am.
- 2 A span is all that we can boast,
 An inch or two of time;

- Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flower and prime.
- 3 See the vain race of mortals move,
Like shadows o'er the plain;
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all their noise is vain.
- 4 What should I wish, or wait for then,
From creatures, earth and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.
- 5 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recall;
I give my mortal int'rest up,
And make my God my all.
-

PSALM XL. 6—12. (C. M.)

- 1 THUS saith the Lord, "Your work is vain,
"Give your burnt-off'rings o'er;
"In dying goats and bullocks slain
"My soul delights no more."
- 2 But see, the blest Redeemer comes!
Th' eternal Son appears!
And at the appointed time assumes
The body God prepares.
- 3 Much he reveal'd his Father's grace,
And much his truth he shew'd;
And preach'd the way of righteousness,
Where great assemblies stood.
- 4 His Father's honour touch'd his heart,
He pitied sinners' cries;
And, to fulfil a Saviour's part,
Was made a sacrifice.
- 5 Then was the great salvation spread,
And Satan's kingdom shook:

Thus by the woman's promis'd Seed
The serpent's head was broke.

PSALM XLI. 1—3. (L. M.)

- 1 BLEST he, whose heart with pity glows,
Who learns to feel another's woes;
Who to the poor man's want gives ear,
And wipes the helpless orphan's tear.
 - 2 In every want, in every woe,
Himself thy pity, Lord, shall know;
Thy care his life shall guard, thy hand
To him shall give the promis'd land.
 - 3 When languid with disease and pain,
Thou, Lord, his spirit wilt sustain;
Raise with thine arm his sinking head,
And make in sickness all his bed.
-

PSALM XLII. PART I. 1—5. (L. M.)

- 1 As pants the hart for cooling springs,
So longs my soul, O King of kings,
Thy face in near approach to see;
So thirsts, great Source of life, for thee.
- 2 Thy mercies, Lord, before my eyes
Shall yet in sweet remembrance rise:
Amidst the storm, amidst the wave,
Thy love the beams of comfort gave.
- 3 Thy name to rapture prompts my tongue,
My joy by day, by night my song:
'To thee my soul ascends in prayer,
And in thy bosom pours its care.
- 4 Then why, my soul, with care opprest?
And whence the woes that fill my breast?
In all thy cares, in all thy woes,
On God thy stedfast hope repose.

PSALM XLII. PART II. 6—11. (C. M.)

- 1 AFFLICTION is a stormy deep,
Where wave resounds to wave:
Though o'er my head the billows roll,
I know the Lord can save.
 - 2 The hand that now withholds my joys,
Can yet restore my peace;
And he, who bade the tempest roar,
Can bid the tempest cease.
 - 3 In the dark watches of the night
I'll count his mercies o'er;
I'll praise him for ten thousand past,
And humbly sue for more.
 - 4 Here will I rest, and build my hopes,
Nor murmur at his rod:
He's more than all the world to me,
My health, my life, my God.
-

PSALM XLV. 1—7. (L. M.)

- 1 NOW be my heart inspir'd to sing
The glories of my Saviour-King:
Jesus the Lord! how heav'nly-fair
His form! how bright his beauties are!
 - 2 O'er all the sons of human race
He shines with a superior grace;
Love from his lips divinely flows,
And blessings all his state compose.
 - 3 Dress thee in arms, most mighty Lord,
Gird on the terror of thy sword;
In majesty and glory ride,
With truth and meekness at thy side.
 - 4 Thine anger, like a pointed dart,
Shall pierce the foes of stubborn heart;
Or words of mercy, kind and sweet,
Shall melt the rebels at thy feet.
-

- 5 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands;
 Grace is the sceptre in thy hands;
 Thy laws and works are just and right;
 Justice and grace are thy delight.
- 6 God, thine own God, has richly shed
 His oil of gladness on thy head;
 And with his sacred Spirit blest
 His first-born Son above the rest.
-

PSALM XLVI. 1—7. (L. M.)

- 1 GOD is the refuge of his saints,
 When storms of sharp distress invade:
 Ere we can offer our complaints,
 Behold him present with his aid.
- 2 Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd
 Down to the deep, and buried there;
 Convulsions shake the solid world;
 Our faith shall never yield to fear.
- 3 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
 Supplies the city of our God;
 Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
 And wat'ring our divine abode.
- 4 That sacred stream, thy holy word,
 That all our raging fears controuls:
 Sweet peace thy promises afford,
 And give new strength to fainting souls.
- 5 Zion enjoys her monarch's love,
 Secure against a threat'ning hour;
 Nor can her firm foundations move,
 Built on his truth, and arm'd with power.
-

PSALM XLVII. (C. M.)

- 1 *OH* for a shout of sacred joy
 To God, the sov'reign King!

- Let every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.
- 2 Jesus our God ascends on high!
His heav'nly guards around
Attend him rising through the sky
With trumpet's joyful sound.
- 3 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains:
Let all the earth his honours sing;
O'er all the earth he reigns.
- 4 Rehearse his praise with awe profound;
Let knowledge lead the song;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.
- 5 In Israel stood his ancient throne;
He lov'd that chosen race;
But now he calls the world his own,
And heathens taste his grace.
- 6 The British islands are the Lord's;
There Abra'm's God is known;
While powers & princes, shields & swords,
Submit before his throne.
-

PSALM XLVIII. 1—9. (s. m.)

- 1 GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great:
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.
- 2 These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honours of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.
- 3 In Zion God is known,
A refuge in distress:

- How bright hath his salvation shone
Through all her palaces!
- 4 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold
Where his own sheep have been.
- 5 In every new distress
We'll to his house repair;
We'll think upon his wondrous grace,
And seek deliv'rance there.
-

PSALM L. 1—6. (C. M.)

- 1 THE Lord, the Judge, before his throne
Bids the whole earth draw nigh;
The nations near the rising sun,
And near the western sky.
- 2 Thron'd on a cloud our God shall come;
Bright flames prepare his way:
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm,
Lead on the dreadful day.
- 3 Heav'n from above his call shall hear,
Attending angels come;
And earth and hell shall know and fear
His justice and their doom.
- 4 "But gather all my saints," he cries,
"That made their peace with God
"By the Redeemer's sacrifice,
"And seal'd it with his blood.
- 5 "Their faith and works brought forth to
light
"Shall make the world confess,
"My sentence of reward is right,
"And heav'n adore my grace."

PSALM LI.

PSALM LI. PART I. 1—4. (L. M.)

- 1 SHEW pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live:
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?
 - 2 My crimes are great, but not surpass
The power and glory of thy grace:
Great God! thy nature hath no bound;
So let thy pard'ning love be found.
 - 3 My lips with shame my sins confess
Against thy law, against thy grace:
Oh, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean.
 - 4 Lord, should thy judgement grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear:
Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death.
 - 5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.
-

PSALM LI. PART II. 8—13. (L. M.)

- 1 O THOU, that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.
- 2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin:
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.
- 3 Though I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford;

And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

- 4 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.
 - 5 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just:
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.
 - 6 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.
-

PSALM LV. 16—22. (S. M.)

- 1 LET sinners take their course,
And choose the road to death;
But in the worship of my God
I'll spend my daily breath.
- 2 My thoughts address his throne,
When morning brings the light;
I seek his blessing every noon,
And pay my vows at night.
- 3 Thou wilt regard my cries,
O my eternal God!
While sinners perish in surprise
Beneath thine angry rod.
- 4 Because they dwell at ease,
And no sad changes feel,
They neither fear nor trust thy name,
Nor learn to do thy will.
- 5 *But I, with all my cares,
Will lean upon the Lord;*

I'll cast my burdens on his arm,
And rest upon his word.

- 6 His arm shall well sustain
The children of his love :
The ground on which their safety stands
No earthly power can move.
-

PSALM LVII. 7—11. (L. M.)

- 1 O GOD, my heart is fix'd and bent,
Its thankful tribute to present ;
And, with my heart, my voice I'll raise
To thee, my God, in songs of praise.
- 2 Awake, my glory ; harp and lute,
No longer let your strings be mute ;
And I, my tuneful part to take,
Will with the early dawn awake.
- 3 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the list'ning nations round :
Thy mercy highest heav'n transcends,
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends,
- 4 Be thou, O God, exalted high ;
And, as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth display'd,
Till thou art here, as there, obey'd.
-

PSALM LXI. (S. M.)

- 1 WHEN overwhelm'd with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heav'n I lift mine eyes.
- 2 Oh, lead me to the Rock
That's high above my head ;
*And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.*

- 3 Within thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.
- 4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name :
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.
-

PSALM LXIII. 1—7. (C. M.)

- 1 EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.
- 2 I've seen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy temple shine;
My God, repeat that heav'nly hour,
That vision so divine!
- 3 Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well,
As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.
- 4 Not life itself, with all her joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.
- 5 Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.
-

PSALM LXV. PART I. 1—4. (L. M.)

- 1 THE praise of Zion waits for thee,
My God; and praise becomes thy house:

- There shall thy saints thy glory see,
And there perform their public vows.
- 2 O thou, whose mercy bends the skies,
To save when humble sinners pray;
All lands to thee shall lift their eyes,
And islands of the northern sea.
- 3 Against my will my sins prevail,
But grace shall purge away their stain;
The blood of Christ will never fail
To wash my garments white again.
- 4 Blest is the man whom thou shalt choose,
And give him kind access to thee;
Give him a place within thy house,
To taste thy love divinely free.
-

PSALM LXV. PART II. 6—13. (C. M.)

- 1 'Tis by thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal power!
The sea grows calm at thy command,
And tempests cease to roar.
- 2 Thy morning light, and evening shade,
Successive comforts bring;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
Thy flowers adorn the spring.
- 3 Seasons and times, and moons and hours,
Heav'n, earth, and air are thine;
When clouds distil in fruitful showers,
The author is divine.
- 4 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear:
Thy paths abound with blessings still;
Thy goodness crowns the year.
-

PSALM LXVI. 1—12. (C. M.)

- 1 SING, all ye nations, to the Lord,
And make a joyful noise;

- With melody of sound record
His honours and your joys.
- 2 Say to the power that shakes the sky,
"How terrible art thou!
"Sinners before thy presence fly,
"Or at thy feet they bow."
- 3 Come, see the wonders of our God;
How glorious are his ways!
In Moses' hand he puts the rod,
And cleaves the frightened seas.
- 4 He made the ebbing channel dry,
While Israel pass'd the flood;
There did the church begin their joy,
And triumph in their God.
- 5 Oh, bless our God, and never cease;
Ye saints, fulfil his praise;
He keeps our life, maintains our peace,
And guides our doubtful ways.
- 6 Through wat'ry deeps, and fiery ways,
We march at thy command;
Led to possess the promis'd place
By thine unerring hand.
-

PSALM LXVII. (s. m.)

- 1 To bless thy chosen race
In mercy, Lord, incline;
And cause the brightness of thy face
On all thy saints to shine:
- 2 That so thy wondrous way
May through the world be known;
While distant lands their tribute pay,
And thy salvation own.
- 3 Let diff'ring nations join
To celebrate thy fame:

Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious name.

- 4 Oh, let them shout and sing
With joy and pious mirth;
For thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the earth.
-

PSALM LXVII. VERSION II. (C. M.)

- 1 SHINE, mighty God! on Britain shine,
With beams of heav'nly grace;
Reveal thy power through all our coasts,
And shew thy smiling face.
- 2 Amidst our isle, exalted high,
Do thou our glory stand;
And like a wall of guardian fire
Surround thy favour'd land.
- 3 When shall thy name, from shore to shore,
Sound all the earth abroad;
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God?
- 4 Earth shall obey her Maker's will,
And yield her full increase:
Our God will crown his chosen isle
With fruitfulness and peace.
- 5 God the Redeemer scatters round
His choicest blessings here;
While the creation's utmost bound
Shall see, adore, and fear.
-

PSALM LXVIII. 17—18. (L. M.)

- 1 LORD, when thou didst ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky;
Those heav'nly guards around thee wait,
Like chariots that attend thy state.

- 2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious, when the Lord was there ;
While he pronounc'd his dreadful law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.
 - 3 How bright the triumph, none can tell,
When the rebellious powers of hell,
'That thousand souls had captive made,
Were all in chains like captives led.
 - 4 Rais'd by his Father to the throne,
He sent the promis'd Spirit down
With gifts and grace for rebel-men,
That God might dwell on earth again.
-

PSALM LXIX. PART I. 1—6. (L. M.)

- 1 GOD of my life! to thee I call,
Afflicted at thy feet I fall ;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.
- 2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where shall I lodge my deep complaint ?
Where but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor ?
- 3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea ?
Does not the word still fix'd remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain ?
- 4 Hard were the woes of life to bear,
Didst thou not hear and answer prayer ;
But thou wilt listen from on high,
And all my inmost wants supply.
- 5 If poor, unknown, despis'd, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not ;
And he is safe and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead,

PSALM LXIX. PART II. 7—21. (L. M.)

- 1 'TWAS for thy sake, eternal God,
Thy Son sustain'd that heavy load
Of base reproach and sore disgrace,
And shame defil'd his sacred face.
 - 2 Zeal for the temple of his God
Consum'd his life, expos'd his blood ;
Reproaches at thy glory thrown
He felt, and mourn'd them as his own.
 - 3 His friends forsook, his foll'wers fled,
While foes and arms surround his head ;
His life they load with hateful lies,
And charge his lips with blasphemies.
 - 4 They nail him to the shameful tree ;
There hung the Man that died for me :
Gall was the food they gave him there,
And mock'd his thirst with vinegar.
 - 5 Yet, gracious God, thy power and love
Has made the curse a blessing prove :
Those dreadful sufferings of thy Son
Aton'd for sins which we have done.
-

PSALM LXIX. PART III. 29—36. (C. M.)

- 1 FATHER! I sing thy wondrous grace ;
I bless my Saviour's name :
He bought salvation for the poor,
And bore the sinner's shame.
- 2 His deep distress hath rais'd us high ;
His duty and his zeal
Fulfill'd the law which mortals broke,
And finish'd all thy will.
- 3 This shall his humble foll'wers see,
And set their hearts at rest :

- They by his death draw near to thee,
And live for ever blest.
- 4 Zion is thine, most holy God !
Thy Son shall bless her gates ;
And glory, purchas'd by his blood,
For thine own Israel waits.
- 5 Let heav'n, and all that dwell on high,
To God their voices raise ;
While lands and seas assist the sky,
And join t' advance the praise.
-

PSALM LXXI. PART I. 5—9. (C. M.)

- 1 MY God, my everlasting hope,
I live upon thy truth ;
Thy hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthen'd all my youth.
- 2 Still has my life new wonders seen
Repeated every year :
Behold, my days that yet remain,
I trust them to thy care.
- 3 Cast me not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise ;
And round me let thy glory shine,
Whene'er thy servant dies.
- 4 Then in the hist'ry of my age,
When men review my days,
They'll read thy love in every page,
In every line thy praise.
-

PSALM LXXI. PART II. 14—18. (C. M.)

- 1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported by the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

- 2 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.
 - 3 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.
 - 4 When worn by sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.
 - 5 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.
-

PSALM LXXII. 8—19. (L. M.)

- 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journies run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The pris'ner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest;
And all the sons of want are blest.

- 5 Where he displays his healing power,
 Death and the curse are known no more:
 In him the tribes of Adam boast
 More blessings than their father lost.
- 6 Let every creature rise and bring
 Peculiar honours to our King;
 Angels descend with songs again,
 And earth repeat the loud Amen.
-

PSALM LXXIII. 23—26. (c. m.)

- 1 GOD, my supporter and my hope,
 My help for ever near,
 Thine arm of mercy held me up,
 When sinking in despair.
- 2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
 Through this dark wilderness;
 Thy hand conduct me near thy seat,
 To dwell before thy face.
- 3 Were I in heav'n without my God,
 'Twould be no joy to me;
 And while this earth is my abode,
 I long for none but thee.
- 4 What, if the springs of life were broke,
 And flesh and heart should faint?
 God is my soul's eternal rock,
 The strength of every saint.
-

PSALM LXXVI. (P. M. Carey's.)

- 1 IN Judah is Jehovah known;
 In Israel is his glory great;
 His tent the gates of Salem own,
 And Zion is his chosen seat:
 'Twas there he quench'd the shafts of fire,
 The shield, the sword, the warrior's ire.

- 2 At thy rebuke, O Jacob's God,
The horse and chariot pass'd away :
The mighty felt thy lifted rod ;
They slept their sleep, and left their prey
Tremendous Being! who can stand
The tempest of thy wrathful hand?
- 3 From heav'n thy voice in judgement spoke ;
Earth heard dismay'd, and sank to rest,
When God his dread tribunal took,
And rose to save the meek distrest.
Man's wrath, O God, reveals thy praise,
Performs thy will, thy rule obeys.
-

PSALM LXXVIII. 10—54. (L. M.)

- 1 GREAT God! how oft did Israel prove
By turns thine anger and thy love!
There in a glass our hearts may see,
How fickle and how false they be.
- 2 How soon the faithless Jews forgot
The dreadful wonders God had wrought !
Then they provoke him to his face,
Nor fear his power, nor trust his grace.
- 3 Oft when they saw their brethren slain,
They mourn'd and sought the Lord again;
Call'd him the Rock of their abode,
Their high Redeemer, and their God.
- 4 Their prayers and vows before him rise,
As flatt'ring words, or solemn lies;
While their rebellious tempers prove
False to his cov'nant and his love.
- 5 Yet did his sov'reign grace forgive ;
His mercy spar'd, and bid them live :
The God of Abra'm lov'd them still,
And led them to his holy hill.

PSALM LXXX. PART I. 1—7. (L. M.)

- 1 O ISRAEL's Shepherd, Joseph's Guide !
Our prayers to thee vouchsafe to hear ;
Thou that didst on the cherubs ride,
Again in solemn state appear.
 - 2 Do thou convert us, Lord ; do thou
The lustre of thy face display ;
And all the ills we suffer now,
Like scatter'd clouds, shall pass away.
 - 3 O thou, whom heav'nly hosts obey,
How long shall thy fierce anger burn ?
How long thy suff'ring people pray,
And to their prayers have no return ?
 - 4 Do thou convert us, Lord ; do thou
The lustre of thy face display ;
And all the ills we suffer now,
Like scatter'd clouds, shall pass away.
-

PSALM LXXX. PART II. 8—19. (L. M.)

- 1 GREAT Shepherd of thine Israël,
Who didst between the cherubs dwell,
And led'st the tribes, thy chosen sheep,
Safe through the desert and the deep :
- 2 Thy church is in the desert now ;
Shine from on high, and guide us through :
Turn us to thee, thy love restore ;
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.
- 3 Hast thou not planted with thy hands
A lovely vine in heathen lands ?
Did not thy power defend it round,
And heav'nly dews enrich the ground ?
- 4 Lord, when this vine in Canaan grew,
Thou wast its strength and glory too !

Attack'd in vain by all its foes,
Till the fair Branch of promise rose.

- 5 Fair Branch! ordain'd of old to shoot
From David's stock, from Jacob's root:
'Tis thine own Son, and he shall stand,
Girt with thy strength, at thy right hand.
- 6 Oh! for his sake attend our cry;
Shine on thy churches, lest they die:
Turn us to thee, thy love restore;
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

PSALM LXXXIV. PART I. 1—7. (C. M.)

- 1 O GOD of hosts, the mighty Lord,
How lovely is the place,
Where thou, enthron'd in glory, shew'st
The brightness of thy face!
- 2 O Lord of hosts, my King and God,
How highly blest are they,
Who in thy temple always dwell,
And there thy praise display!
- 3 Thrice happy they, whose choice has thee
Their sure protection made;
Who long to tread the sacred ways
That to thy dwelling lead!
- 4 They shall proceed from strength to
strength,
And still approach more near;
Till all on Zion's holy mount
Before their God appear.

PSALM LXXXIV. PART II. 8—12. (L. M.)

- 1 GREAT God! attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs:
*To spend one day with thee on earth,
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.*

- 2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.
 - 3 God is our sun, he makes our day;
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without and foes within.
 - 4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too:
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.
 - 5 O God, our King, whose sov'reign sway
The glorious hosts of heav'n obey,
And devils at thy presence flee;
Blest is the man that trusts in thee.
-

PSALM LXXXIV. VERSION III. (L. M.)

- 1 How pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.
- 2 My flesh would rest in thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God:
My God! my King! why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee?
- 3 Blest are the saints, who sit on high
Around thy throne of majesty:
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.
- 4 Blest are the souls, that find a place
Within the temples of thy grace:
*There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.*

PSALM LXXXV. LXXXVI. 43

- 5 Blest are the men, whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate :
God is their strength, and through the road
They lean upon their helper, God.
- 6 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heav'n at length ;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.
-

PSALM LXXXV. 9—13. (L. M.)

- 1 SALVATION is for ever nigh
The souls that fear and trust the Lord ;
And grace, descending from on high,
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.
- 2 Mercy and truth on earth are met,
Since Christ the Lord came down from
heav'n ;
By his obedience so complete
Justice is pleas'd, and peace is giv'n.
- 3 Now truth and honour shall abound ;
Religion dwell on earth again ;
And heav'nly influence bless the ground
In our Redeemer's gentle reign.
- 4 His righteousness is gone before,
To give us free access to God :
Our wand'ring feet shall stray no more,
But mark his steps, and keep the road.
-

PSALM LXXXVI. 1—13. (C. M.)

- 1 RECEIVE, O Lord, my mournful suit,
Thy gracious ear incline ;
Hear me, distrest, and destitute
Of all relief but thine.

- 2 From thee perpetual bounty flows,
And plenteous pardon too;
The God of mercy to all those
Who for that mercy sue.
- 3 Instruct me in thy way to go,
From sin and error free:
Fear of thy sacred name bestow;
Oh! knit my heart to thee.
- 4 Thy mercy, shewn to me, in vain
My tongue essays to tell;
Redeem'd by thee from endless pain,
Redeem'd from sin and hell.
-

PSALM LXXXVII. (L. M.)

- 1 GOD in his earthly temple lays
Foundations for his heav'nly praise;
He likes the tents of Jacob well,
But still in Zion loves to dwell.
- 2 His mercy visits every house,
That pay their night and morning vows;
But makes a more delightful stay,
Where churches meet to praise and pray.
- 3 What glories were describ'd of old!
What wonders are of Zion told!
Thou city of our God below,
Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.
- 4 Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew,
Shall there begin their lives anew:
Angels and men shall join to sing
The hill where living waters spring.
- 5 When God makes up his last account
Of natives in his holy mount,
*'Twill be an honour to appear
As one new-born or nourish'd there.*

PSALM LXXXIX. PART I. 1—5. (C. M.)

- 1 MY never-ceasing songs shall shew
The mercies of the Lord;
And make succeeding ages know,
How faithful is his word.
 - 2 The sacred truth his lips pronounce,
Shall firm as heav'n endure;
And if he speak a promise once,
Th' eternal grace is sure.
 - 3 How long the race of David held
The promis'd Jewish throne!
But there's a nobler cov'nant seal'd
To David's greater Son.
 - 4 His seed for ever shall possess
A throne above the skies;
The meanest subject of his grace
Shall to that glory rise.
 - 5 Lord God of hosts, thy wondrous ways
Are sung by saints above;
And saints on earth their honours raise
To thine unchanging love.
-

PSALM LXXXIX. PART II. 15—18. (C. M.)

- 1 BLEST are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound:
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.
- 2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name:
His righteousness exalts their hope;
Nor Satan dares condemn.
- 3 *The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives:*

46 PSALM LXXXIX. XC.

Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

PSALM LXXXIX. PART III. 47—52. (L. M.)

- 1 REMEMBER, Lord, our mortal state,
How frail our life! how short the date!
Where is the man that draws his breath
Safe from disease, secure from death?
 - 2 Lord, while we see whole nations die,
Our flesh and sense repine and cry,
“Must death for ever rage and reign?
“Or hast thou made mankind in vain?
 - 3 “Where is thy promise to the just?
“Are not thy servants turn’d to dust?”
But faith forbids these mournful sighs,
And sees the sleeping dust arise.
 - 4 That glorious hour, that dreadful day,
Wipes the reproach of saints away,
And clears the honour of thy word:
Awake our souls, and bless the Lord!
-

PSALM XC. 1—12. (L. M.)

- 1 THROUGH every age, eternal God,
Thou art our rest, our safe abode:
High was thy throne ere heav’n was made,
Or earth thy humble foot-stool laid.
- 2 But man, weak man, is born to die,
Made up of guilt and vanity:
Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was just,
“Return, ye sinners, to your dust.”
- 3 A thousand of our years amount
Scarce to a day in thine account;
*Like yesterday’s departed light,
Or the last watch of ending night.*

- 4 Death, like an overflowing stream,
Sweeps us away : our life's a dream ;
An empty tale ; a morning flower,
Cut down and wither'd in an hour.
 - 5 Our age to sev'nty years is set ;
How short the term ! how frail the state ?
And if to eighty we arrive,
We rather sigh and groan than live.
 - 6 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man,
And kindly lengthen out our span,
Till a wise care of piety
Fit us to die and dwell with thee.
-

PSALM XCI. (L. M.)

- 1 HE that hath made his refuge God,
Shall find a most secure abode ;
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
And there at night shall rest his head.
- 2 Thrice happy man ! thy Maker's care
Shall keep thee from the fowler's snare ;
Just as a hen protects her brood
From birds of prey that seek their blood.
- 3 What, though a thousand at thy side,
At thy right hand ten thousand died ?
Thy God his chosen people saves,
Among the dead, amidst the graves.
- 4 But if the fire, or plague, or sword,
Receive commission from the Lord
To strike his saints among the rest,
Their very pains and deaths are blest.
- 5 The sword, the pestilence, or fire,
Shall but fulfil their best desire ;
From sins and sorrows set them free,
And bring thy children, Lord, to thee.

PSALM XCII. (L. M.)

1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To shew thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal care shall seize my breast:
Oh, may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

3 Lord, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand
In gardens planted by thy hand:
Let me within thy courts be seen,
Like a young cedar, fresh and green.

4 There grow thy saints in faith and love,
Blest with thine influence from above;
Not Lebanon, with all its trees,
Yields such a comely sight as these.

5 Laden with fruits of age, they shew
The Lord is holy, just, and true:
None that attend his gates shall find
A God unfaithful or unkind.

PSALM XCIII. (P. M. 104th.)

YE servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad his wonderful name:
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.

God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still he is nigh; his presence we have;
The great congregation his triumph shall
sing,

Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

Then let us adore, and give him his right,
All glory and power, and wisdom and might;
All honour and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never-ceasing, and infinite love.

PSALM XCV. PART I. 1—6. (L. M.)

- 1 O COME, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our almighty King;
For we our voices high should raise,
When our Salvation's Rock we praise.
 - 2 Into his presence let us haste,
To thank him for his favours past;
To him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to his name belongs.
 - 3 For God, the Lord, enthron'd in state,
Is with unrivall'd glory great;
A King superior far to all,
Whom kings or gods the nations call.
 - 4 O let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
Down on our knees devoutly all
Before the Lord our Maker fall.
-

PSALM XCV. PART II. 3—11. (S. M.)

- 1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sov'reign God,
The universal King.
- 2 He form'd the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The wat'ry worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.
- 3 Come, worship at his throne;
Come, bow before the Lord:

- We are his work, and not our own ;
He form'd us by his word.
- 4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod ;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.
- 5 But if your ears refuse
The language of his grace,
And hearts grow hard, like stubborn Jews,
That unbelieving race ;
- 6 The Lord, in vengeance drest,
Will lift his hand and swear,
“ You that despise my promis'd rest,
“ Shall have no portion there.”
-

PSALM XCVI. (c.m.)

- 1 SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of every tongue:
His new-discover'd grace demands
A new and nobler song.
- 2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
God's own almighty Son ;
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.
- 3 Let heav'n proclaim the joyful day,
Joy through the earth be seen ;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.
- 4 Let an unusual joy surprise
The islands of the sea :
Ye mountains sink, ye vallies rise,
Prepare the Lord his way.
- 5 Behold, he comes ! he comes to bless
The nations, as their God ;

To shew the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.

PSALM XCVII. PART I. 1—8. (L. M.)

- 1 THE Lord is come : the heav'ns proclaim
His birth ; the nations learn his name :
An unknown star directs the road
Of eastern sages to their God.
 - 2 All ye bright armies of the skies,
Go, worship where the Saviour lies ;
Angels and kings before him bow,
Those gods on high, and gods below.
 - 3 Let idols totter to the ground,
And their own worshippers confound :
But Judah shout, but Zion sing,
And earth confess her sov'reign King.
-

PSALM XCVII. PART II. 1—2, 9—12. (L. M.)

- 1 TH' Almighty reigns, exalted high,
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky :
Though clouds and darkness veil his feet,
His dwelling is the mercy-seat.
- 2 O ye that love his holy name,
Hate every work of sin and shame :
He guards the souls of all his friends,
And from the snares of hell defends.
- 3 Immortal light, and joys unknown,
Are for the saints in darkness sown ;
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.
- 4 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The sacred honours of the Lord :
None but the soul that feels his grace
Can triumph in his holiness.

PSALM XCVIII. PART I. 1—4. (C. M.)

- 1 SING to the Lord a new-made song,
Who wondrous things has done :
With his right hand and holy arm
The conquest he has won :
 - 2 The Lord has through th' astonish'd world
Display'd his saving might,
And made his righteous acts appear
In all the heathen's sight.
 - 3 Of Israel's house his love and truth
Have ever mindful been ;
And earth's remotest ends the power
Of Israel's God have seen.
 - 4 Let therefore earth's inhabitants
Their cheerful voices raise ;
And all with universal joy
Resound their Maker's praise.
-

PSALM XCVIII. PART II. 4—9. (C. M.)

- 1 JOY to the world ! the Lord is come :
Let earth receive her King :
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heav'n and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth ! the Saviour reigns :
Let men their songs employ ;
While fields & floods, rocks, hills & plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground ;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace ;
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

PSALM XCIX. 1—4. (S. M.)

- 1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns ;
Let all the nations fear ;
Let sinners tremble at his throne,
And saints be humble there.
 - 2 Jesus the Saviour reigns ;
Let earth adore its Lord :
Bright cherubs his attendants stand,
Swift to fulfil his word.
 - 3 In Zion is his throne,
His honours are divine ;
His church shall make his wonders known,
For there his glories shine.
 - 4 How holy is his name !
How terrible his praise !
Justice, and truth, and judgement join
In all his works of grace.
-

PSALM C. VERSION I. (L. M.)

- 1 ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice :
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before him, and rejoice.
- 2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed ;
Without our aid he did us make :
We are his flock, he doth us feed ;
And for his sheep he doth us take.
- 3 O enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto ;
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.
- 4 For why ? the Lord our God is good :
His mercy is for ever sure :
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

PSALM C. VERSION II. (L. M.)

- 1 YE nations round the earth rejoice
Before the Lord, your sov'reign King;
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,
With all your tongues his glories sing.
 - 2 The Lord is God : 'tis he alone
Doth life and breath and being give:
We are his work, and not our own ;
The sheep that on his pastures live.
 - 3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair ;
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honours there.
 - 4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind ;
Great is his grace, his mercy sure ;
And the whole race of men shall find
His truth from age to age endure.
-

PSALM C. VERSION III. (L. M.)

- 1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy :
Know that the Lord is God alone ;
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sov'reign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men ;
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame :
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name ?
- 4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heav'ns our voices raise ;

And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

- 5 Wide as the world is thy command ;
Vast as eternity thy love ;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.
-

PSALM CII. PART I. 13—22. (C. M.)

- 1 LET Zion and her sons rejoice;
Behold the promis'd hour:
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes t' exalt his power.
- 2 Her dust and ruins that remain
Are precious in our eyes;
Those ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.
- 3 The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there;
Nations shall bow before his name,
And kings attend with fear.
- 4 He sits a sov'reign on his throne,
With pity in his eyes;
He hears the dying pris'ners' groan,
And answers all their sighs.
- 5 This shall be known when we are dead,
And left on long record,
That ages yet unborn may read,
And trust and praise the Lord.
-

PSALM CII. PART II. 24—27. (C. M.)

- 1 THROUGH endless years thou art the same,
O thou eternal God!
Ages to come shall know thy name,
And tell thy works abroad.

- 2 The strong foundations of the earth
Of old by thee were laid :
By thee the beauteous arch of heav'n
With wondrous skill was made.
 - 3 Soon shall this goodly frame of things,
Form'd by thy powerful hand,
Be, like a vesture, laid aside,
And chang'd at thy command.
 - 4 But thy perfections all divine,
Eternal as thy days,
Through everlasting ages shine
With undiminish'd rays.
-

PSALM CIII. PART I. 1—7. (S. M.)

- 1 O BLESS the Lord, my soul !
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favours are divine.
- 2 O bless the Lord, my soul !
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.
- 3 'Tis he forgives thy sins ;
'Tis he relieves thy pain ;
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.
- 4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransom'd from the grave:
He that redeem'd my soul from hell,
Hath sov'reign power to save.
- 5 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known ;
But sent the world his truth and grace
By his beloved Son.

PSALM CIII. PART II. 19—22. (L. M.)

- 1 THE Lord, the universal King,
In heav'n has fix'd his lofty throne:
To him, ye angels, praises sing,
For in your strength his power is shewn.
- 2 Ye that his just commands obey,
And hear and do his sacred will;
Ye hosts of his, this tribute pay,
Who still what he ordains fulfil.
- 3 Let every creature join to bless
The mighty Lord; and thou, my heart,
With grateful joy thy thanks express,
And in this concert bear thy part.

PSALM CIV. PART I. 1—6, 19, 24. (P. M. 104th.)

BLESS God, O my soul, rejoice in his name;
O Lord, let my voice thy greatness proclaim!
Surpassing in honour, dominion and might,
Thy throne is the heaven, thy robe is the light.
The sky we behold a curtain display'd;
The chambers of heav'n on waters are laid:
The clouds are a chariot thy glory to bear;
On winds thou art wafted, and ridest on air.
As rapid as fire, thy angels on high
Convey thy commands; thy ministers fly:
The earth, on its basis eternal sustain'd,
Is fix'd in the station thy wisdom ordain'd.
The moon gives her light, obeying thy will;
The sun goeth down, thy law to fulfil.
Such, Lord, is the wisdom thy works all
proclaim: [thy name.
Let earth, crown'd with riches, rejoice in

PSALM CIV. PART II. 24—35. (L. M.)

- 1 VAST are thy works, Almighty Lord,
All nature rests upon thy word;

- And the whole race of creatures stand,
Waiting their portion from thy hand.
- 2 While each receives his diff'rent food,
Their cheerful looks pronounce it good;
But when thy face is hid, they mourn,
And dying to their dust return.
- 3 Yet thou canst breathe on dust again,
And fill the world with beasts and men;
A word of thy creating breath
Repairs the wastes of time and death.
- 4 His works, the wonders of his might,
Are honour'd with his own delight:
How awful are his glorious ways!
The Lord is dreadful in his praise.
- 5 In thee my hopes and wishes meet,
And make my meditation sweet;
Thy praises shall my breath employ,
Till it expire in endless joy.
-

PSALM CV. PART I. 1, 14—38. (C. M.)

- 1 GIVE thanks to God, invoke his name,
And tell the world his grace;
Sound thro' the earth his deeds of fame,
That all may seek his face.
- 2 When Pharaoh dar'd to vex the saints,
And thus provok'd their God,
Moses was sent at their complaints,
Arm'd with his dreadful rod.
- 3 He call'd for darkness, darkness came
Like an o'erwhelming flood:
He turn'd each lake and every stream
To lakes and streams of blood.
- 4 Through fields and towns and palaces
The tenfold vengeance flew;

- Locusts in swarms devour'd their trees,
And hail their cattle slew.
- 5 Then by an angel's midnight stroke
The flower of Egypt died;
The strength of every house was broke,
Their glory and their pride.
- 6 Now let the world forbear its rage,
Nor put the church in fear:
Israel must live through every age,
And be th' Almighty's care.
-

PSALM CV. PART II. 1, 39—44. (C.M.)

- 1 GIVE thanks to God, invoke his name,
And tell the world his grace;
Sound thro' the earth his deeds of fame,
That all may seek his face.
- 2 When Israel's tribes from bondage came,
He led their wondrous way;
Gave them by night the fiery flame,
The shelt'ring cloud by day.
- 3 They thirst; and waters from the rock
In rich abundance flow,
And foll'wing still the course they took,
Ran all the desert through.
- 4 O wondrous stream! O blessed type
Of ever-flowing grace!
So Christ our Rock maintains our life
Through all this wilderness.
- 5 Thus guarded by th' Almighty hand,
The chosen tribes possess
Canaan, the rich, the promis'd land,
And there enjoy'd their rest.
- 6 Then let the world forbear its rage,
The church renounce her fear;

Israel must live through every age,
And be th' Almighty's care.

PSALM CVI. 1—5. (L. M.)

- 1 O RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love ;
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.
 - 2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless ?
What mortal eloquence can raise
A tribute equal to his praise ?
 - 3 Happy are they, and only they,
Who from his judgements do not stray ;
Who know and do his perfect will,
And all his righteous laws fulfil.
 - 4 Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford ;
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.
 - 5 Oh ! may I worthy prove, to see
Thy saints in full prosperity ;
That I the joyful choir may join,
And count thy people's triumph mine.
-

PSALM CVII. PART I. 1—8. (L. M.)

- 1 GIVE thanks to God, who reigns above ;
Kind are his thoughts, his name is love :
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.
- 2 Let the redeemed of the Lord
The wonders of his grace record ;
Israel, the nation whom he chose,
And rescued from their mighty foes.

- 3 In their distress to God they cried;
God was their Saviour and their guide:
He led their march far wand'ring round;
'Twas the right path to Canaan's ground!
 - 4 Thus when our first release we gain
From sin's old yoke, and Satan's chain,
We have this desert world to pass,
A dang'rous and a tiresome place.
 - 5 He feeds and clothes us all the way;
He guides our footsteps, lest we stray;
He guards us with a powerful hand,
And brings us to the heav'nly land.
 - 6 Oh, let the saints with joy record
The truth and goodness of the Lord!
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let every tongue pronounce his praise.
-

PSALM CVII. PART II. 4, 23—31. (C. M.)

- 1 How are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.
- 2 In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And live in tainted air.
- 3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save:
- 4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

- 5 In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness we'll adore;
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.
-

PSALM CVIII. 1—5. (P. M. 113th.)

- 1 MY heart is fix'd, Eternal King;
My heart is fix'd thy praise to sing:
Awake, my tongue; my glory, wake;
Awake, each tuneful chord: and I
Will lead the choral symphony,
Before the radiant morning break.
- 2 The nations, Lord, I'll teach thy name;
Thy praise to Gentile lands proclaim:
Thy mercies highest heav'n transcend:
Thy truth above the skies is shewn:
Lord, o'er the heav'ns exalt thy throne,
O'er all the earth thy rod extend.
-

PSALM CX. (P. M. 113th.)

- 1 JEHOVAH spake th' eternal word
To David's Son, and David's Lord:
"At my right hand assume thy seat;
Rule thou supreme amidst thy foes:
The powers, who dare thy reign oppose,
Shall fall confounded at thy feet."
- 2 We hail his great triumphant day:
The willing nations own his sway,
And joy his rising beams to view;
Rescued by him from error's night,
They shine as numberless and bright,
As crystal drops of morning dew.
- 3 The Lord hath sworn, nor sworn in vain,
That, like Melchizedek's, his reign
And priesthood shall no period know:

God will exalt his glorious head,
Thro' the whole earth his kingdom spread,
And lay each haughty rebel low.

PSALM CXIII. 1—6. (L. M.)

- 1 **SERVANTS** of God, his praise proclaim,
Extol the Lord Jehovah's name :
That glorious name let all adore
From age to age for evermore.
 - 2 **Blest** be that name, supremely blest,
From the sun's rising to its rest :
Above the heav'ns his power is known,
Through all the earth his goodness shewn.
 - 3 **Who** is like God ?—So great, so high,
He bows himself to view the sky ;
And yet, with condescending grace,
Looks down upon the human race.
 - 4 **Servants** of God, his praise proclaim,
Extol the Lord Jehovah's name :
That glorious name let all adore
From age to age for evermore.
-

PSALM CXIV. (L. M.)

- 1 **WHEN** Israel, freed from Pharaoh's hand,
Left the proud tyrant and his land,
The tribes with cheerful homage own
Their king, and Judah was his throne.
- 2 **Across** the deep their journey lay ;
The deep divides to make them way :
Jordan beheld their march, and fled
With backward current to his head.
- 3 **The mountains** shook like frightened sheep,
Like lambs the little hillocks leap ;

- Not Sinai on her base could stand,
 Conscious of sov'reign power at hand.
- 4 What power could make the deep divide?
 Make Jordan backward roll his tide?
 Why did ye leap, ye little hills?
 And whence the fright that Sinai feels?
- 5 Let every mountain, every flood,
 Retire, and know th' approaching God,
 The King of Israel; see him here!
 Tremble, thou earth, adore and fear.
-

PSALM CXVI. 12—19. (c. m.)

- 1 WHAT shall I render to my God
 For all his kindness shewn?
 My feet shall visit thine abode,
 My songs address thy throne.
- 2 Among the saints that fill thy house
 My off'rings shall be paid;
 'There shall my zeal perform the vows
 My soul in anguish made.
- 3 How much is mercy thy delight,
 Thou ever-blessed God!
 How dear thy servants in thy sight!
 How precious is their blood!
- 4 How happy all thy servants are!
 How great thy grace to me!
 My life, which thou hast made thy care,
 Lord, I devote to thee.
- 5 Now I am thine, for ever thine,
 Nor shall my purpose move;
 Thy hand hath loos'd my bonds of pain,
 And bound me with thy love.
- 6 *Here in thy courts I leave my vow,
 And thy rich grace record:*

Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

PSALM CXVII. (L. M.)

- 1 FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise :
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
'Through every land, by every tongue.
 - 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord :
Eternal truth attends thy word :
'Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.
-

PSALM CXVIII. PART I. 22—23. (C. M.)

- 1 BEHOLD the sure foundation-stone,
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heav'nly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.
 - 2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
And saints adore the name;
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.
 - 3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.
 - 4 What, tho' the gates of hell withstood ?
Yet must this building rise :
'Tis thine own work, Almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.
-

PSALM CXVIII. PART II. 24—29. (C. M.)

- 1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own ;

- Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.
- 2 To-day he rose, and left the dead;
And Satan's empire fell:
To-day the saints his triumph spread,
And all his wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son:
Help us, O Lord; descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.
- 4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes in God his Father's name
To save our sinful race.
- 5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise:
The highest heav'ns in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.
-

PSALM CXIX. PART I. 1—3, 165, 6. (c. m.)

- 1 BLEST are the undefil'd in heart,
Whose ways are right and clean;
Who never from thy law depart,
But fly from every sin.
- 2 Blest are the men that keep thy word,
And practise thy commands;
With their whole heart they seek the Lord,
And serve thee with their hands.
- 3 Great is their peace who love thy law;
How firm their souls abide!
Nor can a bold temptation draw
Their steady feet aside.
- 4 Then shall my heart have inward joy,
And keep my face from shame,

When all thy statutes I obey,
And honour all thy name.

PSALM CXIX. PART II. 9, 130, 104, 105,
113, 140. (C. M.)

- 1 How shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin ?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.
 - 2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.
 - 3 'Tis like the sun, a heav'nly light,
That guides us all the day ;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.
 - 4 Thy precepts make me truly wise :
I hate the sinner's road ;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God.
 - 5 Thy word is everlasting truth ;
How pure is every page !
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.
-

PSALM CXIX. PART III. 97, 111. (C. M.)

- 1 LORD, I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage ;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.
- 2 I'll read the hist'ries of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While through the promises I rove
With ever-fresh delight.

- 3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise,
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.
- 4 The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blest;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.
-

PSALM CXIX. PART IV. 5,33—37,133,176.(C. M.)

- 1 O THAT the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still!
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will!
- 2 O send thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart;
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.
- 3 From vanity turn off mine eyes;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires, arise
Within this soul of mine.
- 4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere:
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.
- 5 My soul hath gone too far astray;
My feet too often slip:
Yet since I've not forgot thy way,
Restore thy wand'ring sheep.
- 6 Make me to walk in thy commands;
'Tis a delightful road:
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

PSALM CXIX. PART V. 25, 32, 49, 107, 93. (C.M.)

- 1 MY soul lies cleaving to the dust ;
Lord, give me life divine !
From vain desires, and every lust,
Turn off these eyes of mine.
 - 2 I need the influence of thy grace
To speed me in thy way,
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.
 - 3 When sore afflictions press me down,
I need thy quick'ning powers :
Thy word, that I have rested on,
Shall help my heaviest hours.
 - 4 Are not thy mercies sov'reign still,
And thou a faithful God ?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal,
To run the heav'nly road ?
 - 5 Then shall I love thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy word,
When I have felt its quick'ning power
To draw me near the Lord.
-

PSALM CXIX. PART VI. 67, 71, 73—75. (L.M.)

- 1 FATHER, I bless thy gentle hand ;
How kind was thy chastising rod,
That forc'd my conscience to a stand,
And brought my wand'ring soul to God !
- 2 Foolish and vain, I went astray,
Ere I had felt thy scourges, Lord :
I left my guide, and lost my way ;
But now I love and keep thy word.
- 3 'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,
For pride is apt to rise and swell :

- 'Tis good to bear my Father's stroke,
That I might learn his statutes well.
- 4 Thy hands have made my mortal frame,
Thy Spirit form'd my soul within :
Teach me to know thy wondrous name,
And guard me safe from death and sin.
- 5 Then all that love and fear the Lord,
At my salvation shall rejoice ;
For I have hoped in thy word,
And made thy grace my only choice.
-

PSALM CXXI. (c. m.)

- 1 To Zion's hill I lift mine eyes,
From thence expecting aid ;
From Zion's hill, and Zion's God,
Who heav'n and earth has made.
- 2 Then thou, my soul, in safety rest ;
Thy guardian will not sleep :
His watchful care, who Israel guards,
Will Israel safely keep.
- 3 Shelter'd beneath th' Almighty wings,
Thou shalt securely rest,
Where neither sun nor moon shall thee
By day or night molest.
- 4 At home, abroad, in peace, in war,
Thy God shall thee defend ;
And guide thee through life's pilgrimage,
Safe to thy journey's end.
-

PSALM CXXII. (c. m.)

- 1 How did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
" In Zion let us all appear,
" And keep the solemn day !"

- 2 I love her gates, I love the road ;
The church, adorn'd with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God
To shew his milder face.
- 3 Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
The holy tribes repair ;
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgement there.
- 4 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest !
With holy gifts and heav'nly grace
Be her attendants blest !
- 5 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains :
There my best friends, my kindred, dwell ;
There God my Saviour reigns.

PSALM CXXV. (L. M.)

- 1 THOSE who, with holy confidence,
Trust on the Lord for their defence,
Secur'd by his protecting hand,
Shall stedfast as mount Zion stand.
- 2 And as the mighty hills surround
Majestic Salem's hallow'd ground ;
So round his people, widely spread,
Shall God his guardian influence shed.
- 3 Far from that people shall he still
Remove the dang'rous powers of ill,
Lest they beguile his favour'd race,
And turn them from the paths of grace.
- 4 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,
And guide them in thy faith and fear,
Till they shall see thy promis'd rest,
And be with all thine Israel blest.

PSALM CXXX. (C. M.)

- 1 OUT of the deeps of long distress,
The borders of despair,
I sent my cries to seek thy grace,
My groans to move thine ear.
- 2 Great God! should thy severer eye,
And thine impartial hand,
Mark and revenge iniquity,
No mortal flesh can stand.
- 3 But there are pardons with my God
For crimes of high degree;
Thy Son has bought them with his blood,
To draw us near to thee.
- 4 I wait for thy salvation, Lord,
With strong desires I wait;
My soul, invited by thy word,
Stands watching at thy gate.
- 5 There's full redemption at thy throne
For sinners long enslav'd :
The great Redeemer is thy Son,
And Israel shall be sav'd.

PSALM CXXXI. (C. M.)

- 1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sov'reign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise :
- 2 Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free ;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And let me live to thee.
- 3 Let the sweet hope, that thou art mine,
My life and death attend ;

PSALM CXXXII. CXXXIII. 73

Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

PSALM CXXXII. 8—18. (c. m.)

- 1 **ARISE**, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to thy rest !
Lo ! thy church waits with longing eyes,
Thus to be own'd and blest.
 - 2 Enter with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy word :
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.
 - 3 Here, mighty God ! accept our vows,
Here let thy praise be spread ;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.
 - 4 Here let the Son of David reign ;
Let God's Anointed shine ;
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and power divine.
 - 5 Here let him hold a lasting throne ;
And, as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honours shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes.
-

PSALM CXXXIII. (s. m.)

- 1 **BLEST** are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one ;
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.
- 2 **Blest is the pious house**,
Where zeal and friendship meet :
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

74 PSALM CXXXIV. CXXXVI.

- 3 Thus when on Aaron's head
They pour'd the rich perfume,
The oil through all his raiment spread,
And pleasure fill'd the room.
- 4 Thus on the heav'nly hills
The saints are blest above ;
Where joy like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

PSALM CXXXIV. (P. M. 104th.)

YE servants of God, whose diligent care
Is ever employ'd in watching and prayer ;
With praises unceasing your Saviour pro-
claim,
Rejoicing, and blessing his excellent name.
'Tis Jesus commands ; approach to his house,
And lift up your hands, and pay him your
vows :
And while you are giving your Maker his
due,
The Lord out of heaven shall sanctify you.

PSALM CXXXVI. 1—16. (L. M.)

- 1 GIVE to our God immortal praise ;
Mercy and truth are all his ways :
Wonders of grace to God belong ;
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 2 Give to the Lord of lords renown ;
The King of kings with glory crown :
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.
- 3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fix'd the starry lights on high :

- Wonders of grace to God belong ;
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 4 He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night :
His mercies ever shall endure,
When sun and moon shall shine no more.
- 5 He sent his Son with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave :
Wonders of grace to God belong ;
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 6 Thro' this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heav'nly seat :
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.
-

PSALM CXXXVIII. (L. M.)

- 1 WITH all my powers of heart and tongue,
I'll praise my Maker in my song ;
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.
- 2 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord ;
I'll sing the wonders of thy word :
Not all thy works and names below
So much thy power and glory shew.
- 3 To God I cried when troubles rose ;
He heard me, and subdued my foes ;
He did my rising fears controul,
And strength diffus'd through all my soul.
- 4 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by thy hand ;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.
- 5 Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrows or from sins :

The work that wisdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

PSALM CXXXIX. PART I. 1—12. (L. M.)

- 1 THOU, Lord, by strictest search hast known
My rising up and lying down ;
My secret thoughts are known to thee,
Known long before conceiv'd by me.
 - 2 Thine eye my bed and path surveys,
My public haunts and private ways :
Surrounded by thy power I stand ;
On every side I find thy hand.
 - 3 If up to heaven I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in light :
If down to hell's infernal plains,
There thine almighty vengeance reigns.
 - 4 Or should I try to shun thy sight
Beneath the sable wings of night ;
One glance from thee, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.
 - 5 The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from thy all-searching eyes :
Where can I, Lord, thy Spirit shun ?
Or whither from thy presence run ?
-

PSALM CXXXIX. PART II. 13—18. (L. M.)

- 1 'T WAS from thy hand, my God, I came,
A work of such a curious frame ;
In me thy fearful wonders shine,
And each proclaims thy skill divine.
- 2 Thine eyes did all my limbs survey,
Which yet in dark confusion lay ;
Thou saw'st the daily growth they took,
Form'd by the model of thy book.

- 3 At last, to shew my Maker's name,
God stamp'd his image on my frame,
And in some unknown moment join'd
The finish'd members to the mind.
 - 4 Lord, since in my advancing age
I've acted on life's busy stage,
Thy thoughts of love to me surmount
The power of numbers to recount.
 - 5 I could survey the ocean o'er,
And count the sands that heap the shore,
Before my swiftest thoughts could trace
The endless wonders of thy grace.
-

PSALM CXLIII. (L. M.)

- 1 MY righteous Judge, my gracious God,
Hear when I spread my hands abroad,
And cry for succour from thy throne;
O make thy truth and mercy known.
 - 2 Let judgement not against me pass;
Behold, thy servant pleads thy grace:
Should justice call us to thy bar,
No man alive is guiltless there.
 - 3 Look down in pity, Lord, and see
The mighty woes that burden me:
My heart grows faint, and dim mine eye;
Make haste to help, before I die.
 - 4 Break off my fetters, Lord, and shew
Which is the path my feet should go:
If snares and foes beset the road,
I flee to hide me near my God.
 - 5 Teach me to do thy holy will,
And lead me to thy heav'nly hill;
Let the good Spirit of thy love
Conduct me to thy courts above.
- 

78 PSALM CXLIV. CXLV.

PSALM CXLIV. 1—2, 9—11. (C. M.)

- 1 **FOR** ever blessed be the Lord,
My Saviour and my shield !
He sends his Spirit with his word,
To arm me for the field.
 - 2 When sin and hell their force unite,
He makes my soul his care ;
Instructs me to the heav'nly fight,
And guards me through the war.
 - 3 A friend and helper so divine
Does my weak courage raise ;
He makes the glorious vict'ry mine,
And his shall be the praise.
-

PSALM CXLV. 8—21. (C. M.)

- 1 **SWEET** is the mem'ry of thy grace,
My God, my heav'nly King ;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.
- 2 God reigns on high, but not confines
His goodness to the skies ;
'Thro' the whole earth his bounty shines,
And every want supplies.
- 3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food ;
Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.
- 4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord !
How slow thine anger moves !
But soon he sends his pard'ning word,
To cheer the souls he loves.
- 5 *Creatures, with all their endless race,*
Thy power and praise proclaim ;

But saints, that taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy name.

PSALM CXLVI. 5—10. (P. M. 113th.)

- 1 **HAPPY** the man, whose hopes rely
On Israel's God : he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train :
His truth for ever stands secure ;
He saves th' opprest, he feeds the poor ;
And none shall find his promise vain.
- 2 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind ;
The Lord supports the sinking mind ;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace :
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.
- 3 I'll praise him while he lends me breath ;
And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers :
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures,

PSALM CXLVIII. (P. M. *Haydn's.*)

- 1 **PRAISE** the Lord ! ye heav'ns, adore him ;
Praise him, angels, in the height :
Sun and moon, rejoice before him ;
Praise him, all ye stars and light :
Praise the Lord ! for he hath spoken,
Worlds his mighty voice obey'd ;
Laws, that never shall be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.
- 2 Praise the Lord ! for he is glorious ;
Never shall his promise fail :
God hath made his saints victorious ;
Sin and death shall not prevail.

Praise the God of our salvation ;
Hosts on high, his power proclaim ;
Heav'n and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify his name.

PSALM CXLVIII. VERSION II. (L. M.)

- 1 **LOUD** ballelujahs to the Lord,
From distant worlds where creatures dwell !
Let heav'n begin the solemn word,
And sound it dreadful down to hell.
 - 2 High on a throne his glories dwell,
An awful throne of shining bliss !
Fly through the world, O sun ! and tell,
How dark thy beams compar'd to his.
 - 3 Let clouds, and winds, and waves agree
To join their praise with blazing fire ;
Let the firm earth, and rolling sea,
In this eternal song conspire.
 - 4 Birds, ye must make his praise your theme,
Nature demands a song from you ;
While the dumb fish, that cut the stream,
Leap up and mean his praises too.
 - 5 Mortals, can you refrain your tongue,
When nature all around you sings ?
Oh for a shout from old and young,
From humble swains, and lofty kings !
 - 6 Wide as his vast dominion lies,
Make the Creator's name be known :
Loud as his thunder shout his praise,
And sound it lofty as his throne.
-

PSALM CL. (C. M.)

- 1 *IN God's own house pronounce his praise,
His grace he there reveals ;*

To heav'n your joy and wonder raise,
For there his glory dwells.

- 2 Let all your sacred passions move,
While you rehearse his deeds;
But the great work of saving love
Your highest praise exceeds.
- 3 All that have motion, life, and breath,
Proclaim your Maker blest;
Yet when my voice expires in death,
My soul shall praise him best.
-

PSALM CL. VERSION II. (P. M. *Portuguese*.)

SING praises to God, in full harmony joining,
Ye mortals below, and ye seraphs above;
Through earth and through air, let your
accents combining
Extol the great acts of his power and his love.
O praise him aloud in the full-sounding
measures,
That trumpets & organs symphonious inspire;
Let lutes lend their sweetness to these holy
pleasures,
And deeply devout be the strains of the lyre.
Be vocal, ye mute, to the Lord of creation,
In echoes your tribute of gratitude raise;
And all that have breath, in sublime adora-
tion,
The breath that he gave you employ in his
praise.

HYMNS.

ADVENT AND CHRISTMAS.

[*PSALMS 8, 40, 45, 85, 96, 97, 98.—HYMNS 116, 135, 153.]

HYMN I. (C. M.)

- 1 **HARK**, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promis'd long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.
- 2 He comes the pris'ners to release,
In Satan's bondage held:
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
- 3 He comes from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyes opprest with night
To pour celestial day.
- 4 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace
T' enrich the humble poor.
- 5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

* The references between brackets under each *general* division are to such Psalms and Hymns *as will be found* suited to the same subjects, *though classed* under other divisions.

HYMN II (P. M. *Haydn's.*)

- 1 COME, thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free ;
From our sins and fears release us,
Let us find our rest in thee !
Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the saints thou art ;
Dear desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.
- 2 Born thy people to deliver ;
Born a child, and yet a king ;
Come, to reign in us for ever ;
Now thy gracious kingdom bring :
By thine own eternal Spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone ;
By thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

HYMN III. (S. M.)

- 1 BEHOLD, the grace appears,
The promise is fulfil'd :
Mary, the wondrous virgin, bears,
And Jesus is the child.
- 2 To bring the glorious news,
A heav'nly form appears ;
He tells the shepherds of their joys,
And banishes their fears.
- 3 " Go, humble swains, (said he)
" To David's city fly ;
" The promis'd Saviour, born to-day,
" Doth in a manger lie.
- 4 " With looks and hearts serene,
" Go, visit Christ your King :"
And straight a flaming troop was seen ;
The shepherds heard them sing :

- 5 "Glory to God on high,
 "And heav'nly peace on earth;
 "Good-will to men, to angels joy,
 "At the Redeemer's birth!"
-

HYMN IV. (P. M. *Hotham*.)

- 1 **HARK!** the herald-angels sing,
 "Glory to the new-born King;
 "Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
 "God and sinners reconcil'd."
 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
 Join the triumph of the skies;
 With th' angelic host proclaim,
 "Christ is born in Bethlehem."
- 2 Christ, by highest heav'n ador'd;
 Christ, the everlasting Lord;
 Late in time behold him come,
 Offspring of a virgin's womb:
 Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see;
 Hail th' incarnate Deity!
 Pleas'd as man with men t'appear,
 Jesus our Immanuel here.
- 3 Hail, the heav'n-born Prince of Peace!
 Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
 Light and life to all he brings,
 Ris'n with healing in his wings:
 Mild he lays his glory by,
 Born, that man no more may die;
 Born to raise the sons of earth,
 Born to give them second birth.
- 4 Come, Desire of nations, come!
 Fix in us thy humble home:
 Rise, the Woman's conqu'ring Seed,
 Bruise in us the serpent's head:
 Adam's likeness now efface,
 Stamp thine image in its place;

Second Adam from above,
Re-instate us in thy love.

HYMN V. (L. M.)

- 1 THE King of glory sends his Son
To make his entrance on this earth :
Behold the midnight bright as noon,
And heav'nly hosts declare his birth!
 - 2 About the young Redeemer's head
What wonders and what glories meet!
An unknown star arose, and led
The eastern sages to his feet.
 - 3 Simeon and Anna both conspire
The infant Saviour to proclaim ;
Inward they felt the sacred fire,
And bless'd the babe, and own'd his name.
 - 4 While Jews and Greeks blaspheme aloud,
And treat the holy Child with scorn ;
Our souls adore th' eternal God,
Who condescended to be born.
-

EPIPHANY.

[PSALM 97, 98.—HYMNS 116, 123, 135.]

HYMN VI. (L. M.)

- 1 LO! in the East appears a light,
In eastern skies unseen before ;
The wise men hail the welcome sight,
And seek the myst'ry to explore.
- 2 These ancient sages, led from far,
Began their doubtful, anxious way ;
Nor rested, till the wand'ring star
Stood o'er the place where Jesus lay.
- 3 They came, they saw, and they ador'd ;
Each costly treasure they unfold,

- And offer to their infant Lord
Their myrrh, their frankincense, and gold.
- 4 That star to us its light imparts;
Let us our pilgrimage pursue;
And, with the homage of our hearts,
To Bethle'm go, and worship too.
- 5 May we through life its guidance trace,
And mark its path o'er earthly things,
Until it leads us to the place,
Where Jesus reigns the King of kings.
- 6 Light of the world, the True Light! rise;
Nor cease to shed thy cheering ray,
Till o'er all lands beneath the skies
Thy glory shine in perfect day.
-

L E N T.

[PSALMS 6, 38, 51, 69, 86, 130, 143.
HYMNS 16, 129.]

HYMN VII. (C. M.)

- 1 LORD, at thy feet we sinners lie,
And knock at Mercy's door;
With heavy heart and downcast eye,
Thy favour we implore.
- 2 'Tis mercy, mercy we implore;
O may thy bowels move!
Thy grace is an exhaustless store,
And thou thyself art love.
- 3 Oh, for thine own, for Jesu's sake,
Our many sins forgive!
Thy grace our rocky hearts can break,
And breaking soon relieve.
- 4 Thus melt us down, thus make us bend,
And thy dominion own;

Nor let a rival more pretend
To repossess thy throne.

HYMN VIII. (C.M.)

- 1 O LORD, turn not thy face from me,
Who lie in woeful state,
Lamenting all my sinful life,
Before thy mercy-gate:
 - 2 A gate, which opens wide to those
That do lament their sin:
Shut not the gate against me, Lord,
But let me enter in.
 - 3 And call me not to strict account,
How I have sojourn'd here;
For then my guilty conscience knows,
How vile I shall appear.
 - 4 Therefore with tears I come to beg
Of my offended God,
For pardon, like a child, that dreads
His parent's chast'ning rod.
 - 5 Mercy, good Lord, mercy I ask;
This is the total sum:
For mercy, Lord, is all my suit;
Lord, let thy mercy come.
-

HYMN IX. (P. M. *Hotham.*)

- 1 JESUS, refuge of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past:
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last!

- 2 All my trust on thee is stay'd,
 All my help from thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing!
 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
 All in all in thee I find:
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind!
- 3 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to pardon all my sin:
 Let the healing streams abound;
 Make and keep me pure within.
 Thou of life the fountain art;
 Freely let me take of thee:
 Spring thou up within my heart;
 Rise to all eternity!
-

GOOD-FRIDAY.

[PSALMS 22, 40, 69.—HYMNS 76, 77, 78, 80, 124,
 129, 130, 139, 144.]

HYMN X. (P. M. *Sicilian.*)

- 1 HARK! the voice of love and mercy
 Sounds aloud from Calvary!
 See! it rends the rocks asunder,
 Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!
 "It is finish'd!"
 Hear the dying Saviour cry!
- 2 It is finish'd! Oh, what pleasure
 Do those gracious words afford!
 Heav'nly blessings, without measure,
 Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
 It is finish'd!
 Saints, the dying words record.
- 3 Tune your harps anew, ye Seraphs;
 Join to sing the pleasing theme:

All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name!
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

HYMN XI. (L. M.)

- 1 YE that pass by, behold the Man,
The Man of grief, condemn'd for you!
The Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Weeping to Calvary pursue.
 - 2 Behold his temples crown'd with thorns,
His bleeding hands extended wide,
His streaming feet transfix'd and torn,
The fountain gushing from his side.
 - 3 Thou dear, thou suff'ring Son of God,
How doth thy heart to sinners move!
Sprinkle on us thy precious blood,
And melt us with thy dying love.
 - 4 The earth could to her centre quake,
Convuls'd, when her Creator died:
O may our inmost nature shake,
And bow with Jesus crucified!
 - 5 At thy last gasp, the graves display'd
Their horrors to the upper skies:
O that our souls might burst the shade,
And, quicken'd by thy death, arise!
 - 6 The rocks could feel thy powerful death,
And tremble and asunder part:
O rend, with thy expiring breath,
The harder marble of our heart.
-

HYMN XII. (C. M.)

- 1 DARK was the night, and cold the ground,
On which the Lord was laid:

- His sweat like drops of blood ran down,
In agony he pray'd :
- 2 " Father ! remove this bitter cup,
" If such thy sacred will ;
" If not, content to drink it up,
" Thy pleasure I fulfil !"
- 3 Go to the garden, sinner ! see
Those precious drops that flow :
That heavy load he bore for thee ;
For thee he lies so low !
- 4 Then learn of him the cross to bear,
Thy Father's will obey ;
And when temptations sore draw near,
Awake to watch and pray !
-

HYMN XIII. (P. M. *Haydn's.*)

- 1 HAIL, thou once despised Jesus !
Hail, thou Galilean King !
Thou didst suffer to release us ;
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail, thou agonizing Saviour !
Bearer of our sin and shame :
By thy merits we find favour ;
Life is given through thy name.
- 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid :
By Almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made :
All thy people are forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood :
Open'd is the gate of heaven ;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
- 3 Jesus, hail, enthron'd in glory,
There for ever to abide !

All the heav'nly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side :
Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive ;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.

HYMN XIV. (P. M. *Hotham*.)

- 1 ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee :
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power !
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.
 - 2 Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone ;
Thou must save, and thou alone !
Weak, I look to thee for grace ;
Naked, come to thee for dress ;
Foul, I to the fountain fly ;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die !
 - 3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling :
While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-strings break in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgement-throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee !
-

HYMN XV. (P. M. *Carey's*.)

- 1 WHEN gath'ring clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few ;

- On him I lean, who not in vain
Experienc'd every human pain :
He sees my griefs, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.
- 2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heav'nly wisdom's narrow way ;
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the thing I would not do ;
Still he, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dang'rous hour.
- 3 When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And sore dismay'd my spirit dies ;
When writhing on the bed of pain,
I supplicate for rest in vain ;
Still, still my soul shall think on thee,
Thy bloody sweat and agony !
- 4 And oh ! when I have safely past
Through every conflict but the last ;
Wilt thou, who once for me hast bled,
In all my sickness make my bed ;
Then bear me to that happier shore,
Where thou shalt mark my woes no more ?
-

HYMN XVI. (P. M. *Hotham*)

- 1 By thy birth and early years,
By thy human griefs and fears ;
By thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness ;
By thy vict'ry in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power ;
Jesus, look with pitying eye,
Hear our solemn litany.
- 2 By thine hour of dark despair ;
By thine agony of prayer ;

By the purple robe of scorn ;
 By thy wounds, thy crown of thorn,
 Cross and passion, pangs and cries ;
 By thy perfect sacrifice ;
 Jesus, look with pitying eye,
 Hear our solemn litany.

- 3 By thy deep expiring groan ;
 By the seal'd sepulchral stone ;
 By thy triumph o'er the grave ;
 By thy power from death to save ;
 Mighty God ! ascended Lord !
 To thy throne in heav'n restor'd ;
 Prince and Saviour ! hear the cry
 Of our solemn litany.
-

E A S T E R.

[PSALMS 2, 16, 110, 114, 118.—HYMNS 49, 181,
 187, 189, 195.]

HYMN XVII. (P. M. *Hotham*.)

- 1 CHRIST the Lord is ris'n to day,
 Sons of men and angels, say :
 Raise your joys and triumphs high ;
 Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth, reply :
 Love's redeeming work is done,
 Fought the fight, the battle won :
 Lo ! the sun's eclipse is o'er ;
 Lo ! he sets in blood no more.
- 2 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal ;
 Christ hath burst the gates of hell :
 Death in vain forbids his rise ;
 Christ hath open'd Paradise :
 He is risen, glorious King !
 Where, O death, is now thy sting ?
 Once he died our souls to save ;
 Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave ?

- 3 Soar we now where Christ has led,
 Following our exalted Head:
 Made like him, like him we rise;
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.
 Hail, thou Lord of earth and heav'n!
 Praise to thee by both be giv'n!
 Thee we greet triumphant now;
 Hail, the RESURRECTION thou!

HYMN XVIII. (C. M.)

- 1 HOSANNA to the Prince of Light,
 That cloth'd himself in clay;
 Enter'd the iron gates of death,
 And tore the bars away.
- 2 Death is no more the king of dread,
 Since our Immanuel rose;
 He took the tyrant's sting away,
 And spoil'd our hellish foes.
- 3 See how the Conqu'ror mounts aloft,
 And to his Father flies,
 With scars of honour in his flesh,
 And triumph in his eyes.
- 4 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
 And scatters blessings down;
 Our Jesus fills the middle seat
 Of the celestial throne.
- 5 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
 To reach his blest abode;
 While angels swell their loudest songs
 To our incarnate God.

HYMN XIX. (C. M.)

- 1 BLEST morning, whose young dawning
 Beheld our rising God; [rays
That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave his dark abode.

- 2 In the cold prison of a tomb
The dead Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, th' appointed day.
 - 3 Hell and the grave unite their force
To hold our God, in vain ;
The sleeping Conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.
 - 4 To thy great name, Almighty Lord,
These sacred hours we pay,
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumph of the day.
-

HYMN XX. (L. M.)

- 1 Now for a tune of lofty praise
To great Jehovah's equal Son !
Awake, my voice, in heav'nly lays,
Tell the loud wonders he hath done.
- 2 Sing how he left the worlds of light,
And the bright robes he wore above !
How swift and joyful was his flight,
On wings of everlasting love !
- 3 Deep in the shades of gloomy death
Th' Almighty captive pris'ner lay :
Th' Almighty captive left the earth,
And rose to everlasting day.
- 4 Lift up your eyes, ye sons of light,
Up to his throne of shining grace ;
See what immortal glories sit
Round the sweet beauties of his face.
- 5 Amongst a thousand harps and songs
Jesus the God exalted reigns :
His sacred name fills all their tongues,
And echoes through the heav'nly plains.

HYMN XXI. (P. M. 148th.)

- 1 THE happy morn is come!
Triumphant o'er the grave,
The Saviour leaves the tomb,
Omnipotent to save:
Captivity is captive led!
For Jesus liveth, that was dead.
- 2 Who now accuseth them,
For whom their Surety died?
Who now shall those condemn,
Whom God hath justified?
Captivity is captive led!
For Jesus liveth, that was dead.
- 3 Christ hath the ransom paid;
The glorious work is done:
On him our help is laid;
By him our vict'ry won:
Captivity is captive led!
For Jesus liveth, that was dead.

 ASCENSION.

[PSALMS 24, 47, 68, 96.—HYMNS 114, 119, 121,
191, 199.]

HYMN XXII. (L. M.)

- 1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Saviour is gone up on high:
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chaunt the solemn lay:
Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold th' ethereal scene:
He claims these mansions as his right :
Receive the King of glory in.
- 4 Who is the King of glory, who ?
The Lord, that all his foes o'ercame,
'That sin, and death, and hell o'erthrew ;
And Jesus is the conqu'ror's name.
- 5 Lo ! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chaunt the solemn lay :
Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates ;
Ye everlasting doors, give way.
- 6 Who is the King of glory, who ?
The Lord, of boundless power possess'd ;
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, for ever blest.

HYMN XXIII. (L.M.)

- 1 HE dies ! the Friend of sinners dies !
Lo ! Salem's daughters weep around :
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
- 2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men !
But lo ! what sudden joys we see !
Jesus, the dead, revives again !
- 3 The rising God forsakes the tomb,
Up to his Father's court he flies :
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies !
- 4 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliv'rer reigns :
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster, Death, in chains !

- 5 Say, "Live for ever, wondrous King,
 "Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
 Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?
 And where thy vict'ry, boasting grave?"
-

HYMN XXIV. (C. M.)

- 1 I SING my Saviour's wondrous death;
 He conquer'd when he fell:
 "'Tis finish'd!" said his dying breath,
 And shook the gates of hell.
- 2 "'Tis finish'd!" our Immanuel cries;
 The dreadful work is done:
 Hence shall his sov'reign throne arise,
 His kingdom is begun.
- 3 His cross a sure foundation laid
 For glory and renown,
 When through the regions of the dead
 He pass'd to reach the crown.
- 4 Exalted at his Father's side
 Sits our victorious Lord:
 To heav'n and hell his hands divide
 The vengeance and reward.
- 5 The saints from his propitious eye
 Await their sev'ral crowns;
 And all the powers of darkness fly
 The terror of his frowns.
-

HYMN XXV. (P. M. 148th.)

- 1 REJOICE! the Lord is King!
 Your God and King adore;
 Loud hallelujahs sing,
 And triumph evermore:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice, ye saints of God, rejoice!

- 2** Rejoice! the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he had purg'd our stains,
He took his seat above:

Lift up, &c.

- 3** His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heav'n;
The keys of death and hell
Into his hands are giv'n:

Lift up, &c.

- 4** Rejoice in glorious hope!
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home:

We soon shall hear th' Archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice!

HYMN XXVI. (C. M.)

- 1** HOSANNA to our conqu'ring King!
The Prince of darkness flies:
His troops rush headlong down to hell,
Like lightning from the skies.
- 2** Hosanna to our conqu'ring King!
All hail, incarnate Love!
Ten thousand songs and glories wait
To crown thy head above.
- 3** Thy vict'ries and thy deathless fame
Through the wide world shall run,
And everlasting ages sing
The triumphs thou hast won.

HYMN XXVII. (P. M. 148th.)

- 1** JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,

- That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore:
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.
- 2 Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless thy name :
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came ;
The joyful news of sins forgiv'n,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heav'n.
- 3 I love my Shepherd's voice ;
His watchful eyes shall keep
My wand'ring soul among
The thousands of his sheep :
He feeds his flock, he calls their names,
His bosom bears the tender lambs.
- 4 Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offer'd his blood and died ;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside :
His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.
- 5 Now let my soul arise,
And tread the tempter down ;
My Captain leads me forth
To conquest and a crown.
A feeble saint shall win the day,
Tho' death and hell obstruct the way.
-

HYMN XXVIII. (c.m.)

- 1 ALL hail the great Immanuel's name !
Let angels prostrate fall :
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

- 2 Crown him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from his altar call :
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.
 - 3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.
 - 4 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall :
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.
 - 5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.
-

WHIT-SUNDAY.

(PSALMS 68, 104, 132, 144.—HYMNS 95, 111.)

HYMN XXIX. (P. M. *Carey's*.)

- 1 JESUS, we hang upon the word,
Our longing souls have heard from thee :
Be mindful of thy promise, Lord,
Thy promise made to such as me ;
To such as Zion's paths pursue,
And would believe that God is true.
- 2 Thou saidst, "I will the Father pray,
"And he the Comforter shall give ;
"Shall give him in your hearts to stay,
"And never more his temples leave :
"Myself will to my orphans come,
"And make you my eternal home."
- 3 Come, gracious Lord, thyself reveal,
And let the promise now take place ;

Be it according to thy will,
 According to thy word of grace:
 Thy sorrowful disciples cheer,
 And send us down the COMFORTER.

HYMN XXX. (L. M.)

- 1 GREAT was the day, the joy was great,
 When the divine disciples met;
 Whilst on their heads the Spirit came,
 And sat like tongues of cloven flame.
 - 2 What gifts, what miracles he gave!
 And power to kill, and power to save!
 Furnish'd their tongues with wondrous
 words,
 Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.
 - 3 Thus arm'd, he sent the champions forth,
 From east to west, from south to north:
 "Go, and assert your Saviour's cause;
 "Go, spread the myst'ry of his cross."
 - 4 These weapons of the holy war,
 Of what almighty force they are
 To make our stubborn passions bow,
 And lay the proudest rebel low!
 - 5 Nations, the learned and the rude,
 Are by these heav'nly arms subdued;
 While Satan rages at his loss,
 And hates the doctrine of the cross.
 - 6 Great King of grace! my heart subdue;
 I would be led in triumph too,
 A willing captive to my Lord,
 And sing the vict'ries of his word.
-

HYMN XXXI. (L. M.)

- 1 SPIRIT of mercy, truth, and love!
 Shed thy sweet influence from above,

And still from age to age convey
The wonders of this sacred day.

- 2 In every clime, by every tongue,
Be God's amazing glory sung;
And let the list'ning earth be taught
The acts our great Redeemer wrought.
- 3 Unfailing Comfort! heav'nly Guide!
Still o'er thy ransom'd church preside:
Still may mankind thy blessings prove,
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love!

HYMN XXXII. (P. M. *Carey's.*)

- 1 CREATOR-SPIRIT! by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every pious mind,
Come, pour thy joys on human-kind:
From sin and sorrow set us free;
And make thy temples worthy thee.
- 2 Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy sev'n-fold energy:
Thrice-Holy Fount! Thrice-Holy Fire!
Our hearts with heav'nly love inspire;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.
- 3 Chase from our minds th' infernal foe;
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow:
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe:
Give us thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by thee.
- 4 Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend th' Almighty Father's name;
The Saviour-Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Spirit! paid to thee.

HYMN XXXIII. (C. M.)

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys:
Our souls, how heavily they go
To reach eternal joys!
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate,
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

HYMN XXXIV. (S. M.)

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrows from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.
- 5 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.
- 3 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on every part,
And new-create the ~~whole~~

- 4 Dwell thou within our heart,
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and Thee.
-

HYMN XXXV. (L. M.)

- 1 COME, gracious Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With light and comfort from above:
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide;
O'er every thought and step preside.
- 2 Conduct us safe, conduct us far
From every sin and hurtful snare;
Lead to thy word, that rules must give,
And teach us lessons how to live.
- 3 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.
- 4 Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God:
Lead us to Christ, the living way;
Nor let us from his pastures stray.
- 5 Lead us to God, our final rest,
In his enjoyment to be blest:
Lead us to heav'n, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.
-

HYMN XXXVI. (L. M.)

- 1 ETERNAL Spirit! we confess
And sing the wonders of thy grace:
Thy power conveys our blessings down
From God the Father, and the Son.
- 2 Enlighten'd by thy heav'nly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;

Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge too.

- 3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin;
Do our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.
- 4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice;
Thy cheering words awake our joys:
Thy power allays the stormy wind,
And calms the surges of the mind.

HYMN XXXVII. (C. M.)

- 1 WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.
- 2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heav'n?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And shew my sins forgiv'n?
- 3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.
- 4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

TRINITY-SUNDAY.

[HYMNS 32, 66.]

HYMN XXXVIII. (L. M.)

- 1 *ETERNAL* Power! whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God,

Infinite lengths beyond the bounds,
Where stars revolve their little rounds.

- 2 Not heav'n thy presence can contain,
Nor heav'n of heav'ns thy power restrain:
Thee, while the first archangel sings,
He veils his face beneath his wings.
 - 3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too.
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High!
 - 4 Earth from afar hath heard thy fame,
And babes have learnt to lisp thy name:
But, oh! the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.
-

HYMN XXXIX. (L. M.)

- 1 BLEST be the Father and his love,
To whose celestial source we owe
Rivers of endless joys above,
And rills of comfort here below.
- 2 Glory to thee, great Son of God,
From whose dear wounded body rolls
A precious stream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying souls.
- 3 We give the sacred Spirit praise,
Who in our hearts of sin and woe
Makes living springs of grace arise,
And into boundless glory flow.
- 4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, we adore;
That sea of life and love unknown,
Without a bottom or a shore.

HYMN XL. (P. M. 148th.)

- 1 I GIVE immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all my comforts here,
And better hopes above:
He sent his own eternal Son
To die for sins that man had done.
- 2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting woe;
And now he lives, and now he reigns,
And sees the fruit of all his pains.
- 3 To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live:
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.
- 4 Almighty God! to thee
Be endless honours done,
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One:
Where reason fails with all her powers,
There faith prevails and love adores.

HYMN XLI. (L. M.)

- 1 FATHER of heav'n! whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy pard'ning love extend.
- 2 Almighty Son! Incarnate Word!
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord!
*Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy saving grace extend.*

- 3 Eternal Spirit ! by whose breath
The soul is rais'd from sin and death,
Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us thy quick'ning power extend.
- 4 Jehovah ! Father, Spirit, Son ;
Mysterious Godhead ! Three in One !
Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend !

HYMN XLII. (P. M. *Hottham.*)

- 1 HOLY, Holy, Holy Lord !
Self-existent Deity,
By the hosts of heav'n ador'd,
Teach us how to worship thee.
All perfection dwells in thee,
Though to us obscurely known ;
Three in One, and One in Three,
Great Jehovah, God alone !
- 2 Glorious thou in holiness,
Father, didst thy rights maintain ;
Truth and grace at once express,
When thine only Son was slain.
Here is deepest wisdom seen ;
Here the richest stores of grace :
Mildest love, and vengeance keen ;
Oh, how bright their mingled rays !
- 3 Fearful thou in praises too,
Glorious Saviour, slaughter'd Lamb !
We with joy and wonder view
All thy glory, all thy shame !
Be thy death the death of sin ;
Be thy life the sinner's plea ;
Save me, teach me, rule within,—
Prophet, Priest, and King to me.
- 4 Wonder-working Spirit ! thine
Is the saving grace we sing :

Set on us thy seal divine;
 Safely to thy kingdom bring:
 To our souls thy glory shew;
 Shed abroad a Saviour's love:
 Fill us with thy peace below;
 Lead us to thy joys above.

SABBATH—WORSHIP.

[PSALMS 5, 19, 27, 42, 48, 63, 65, 84, 87, 89, 92,
 95, 99, 118, 122, 132, 150.—HYMNS 19, 33.]

HYMN XLIII. (S. M.)

- 1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
 That saw the Lord arise;
 Welcome to this reviving breast,
 And these rejoicing eyes!
 - 2 The King himself comes near,
 And feasts his saints to-day;
 Here we may meet, and see him here,
 And love, and praise, and pray.
 - 3 One day within the place
 Where thou, my God, hast been,
 Is better than ten thousand days
 Of pleasurable sin.
 - 4 My willing soul would stay
 In such a frame as this,
 And gladly sing herself away
 To everlasting bliss.
-

HYMN XLIV. (L. M.)

- 1 ANOTHER six days' work is done,
 Another sabbath is begun:
*Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
 Improve the day thy God hath bless'd.*

SABBATH—WORSHIP. 111

- 2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds;
Provides an antepast of heav'n,
And gives this day the food of sev'n.
- 3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from heav'n that sweet repose,
Which none, but he that feels it, knows!
- 4 This holy calm, within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 5 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away :
How sweet, a sabbath thus to spend;
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

HYMN XLV. (L. M.)

- 1 THINE earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above :
To that our longing souls aspire
With cheerful hope and strong desire.
- 2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor hell, shall reach the place ;
No groans to mingle with the songs,
That warble from immortal tongues.
- 3 No rude alarms of raging foes ;
No cares to break the long repose ;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 4 Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above :
Oh, may our souls that rest attain
From sin, from sorrow, and from pain!

HYMN XLVI. (C. M.)

- 1 **FREQUENT** the day of God returns,
To shed its quick'ning beams;
And yet how slow devotion burns!
How languid are its flames!
- 2 **Accept** our faint attempts to love,
Our frailties, Lord, forgive:
We would be like thy saints above,
And praise thee while we live.
- 3 **Increase**, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend,
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
Where sabbaths never end;
- 4 **Where** we shall breathe in heav'nly air,
With heav'nly lustre shine;
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine.

HYMN XLVII. (P. M. *Carey's.*)

- 1 **GREAT** God, this sacred day of thine
Demands the soul's collected powers;
Gladly we now to thee resign
These solemn consecrated hours!
Oh, may our souls adoring own
The grace, that calls us to thy throne!
- 2 **Hence**, ye vain cares and trifles, fly!
Where God resides, appear no more.
All-seeing God! thy piercing eye
Can every secret thought explore.
Oh, may thy grace our bosoms move,
And fix our thoughts on things above!
- 3 **Thy Spirit's** powerful aid impart,
And bid thy word, with life divine,
Engage the ear and warm the heart;
Then shall the day indeed be thine.

Then shall our souls adoring own
The grace, that calls us to thy throne.

HYMN XLVIII. (L. M.)

- 1 THEE we adore, Eternal Lord !
We praise thy name with one accord :
Thy saints, who here thy goodness see,
Through all the world do worship thee.
 - 2 To thee aloud all angels cry,
And ceaseless raise their songs on high ;
Both Cherubin and Seraphin,
The heav'ns and all the powers therein.
 - 3 Th' Apostles join the glorious throng ;
The Prophets swell th' immortal song ;
The martyrs' noble army raise
Eternal anthems to thy praise.
 - 4 Thee, Holy, Holy, Holy King !
Thee, the Lord God of hosts, they sing :
Thus earth below and heav'n above
Resound thy glory and thy love.
-

HYMN XLIX. (L. M.)

- 1 ASCEND thy throne, Almighty King,
And spread thy glories all abroad ;
Let thine own arm salvation bring,
And be thou known the gracious God.
- 2 Let millions bow before thy seat ;
Let humble mourners seek thy face ;
Bring daring rebels to thy feet,
Subdued by thy victorious grace.
- 3 Oh, let the kingdoms of the world
Become the kingdoms of the Lord :
Let saints and angels praise thy name ;
Be thou thro' heav'n and earth ador'd.

HYMN L. (S. M.)

- 1 O THOU that hearest prayer,
Behold us at thy feet :
Now let us prove thy presence here,
Where two or three are met.
- 2 Thy promise, Lord, we plead,
Nor can we plead in vain ;
Thou never saidst to Israel's seed,
" Seek ye my face in vain."
- 3 Glory to thee alone,
Thou God of boundless grace,
Who dost refreshing showers send down
To cheer thy drooping race.
- 4 Oh, let it now be shewn,
How true, how good thou art .
Lord, send a gracious answer down
To every waiting heart.

HYMN LI. (C. M.)

- 1 GREAT Shepherd of thy people, hear ;
Thy presence now display :
As thou hast giv'n a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.
- 2 Shew us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise ;
And pour thy blessings from above,
That we may render praise.
- 3 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell :
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.
- 4 The hearing ear, the melting eye,
The contrite heart bestow ;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

HYMN LII. (L. M.)

- 1 DESCEND from heav'n, immortal Dove,
Stoop down and take us on thy wings;
And mount and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things:
- 2 Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll,
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul!
- 3 Oh for a sight, a pleasing sight
Of our almighty Father's throne!
There sits our Saviour crown'd with light,
Cloth'd in a body like our own.
- 4 Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and powers before him fall:
The God shines gracious through the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.
- 5 Oh, what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they sing,
And sit on every heav'nly hill,
And spread the triumphs of their King!
- 6 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow among them there,
And view thy face, and sing thy love?

HYMN LIII. (L. M.)

- 1 LORD, in the temples of thy grace
Thy saints behold thy smiling face;
And we have seen thy glory shine
With power and majesty divine.
- 2 Return, O Lord, our spirits cry,
Our graces droop, our comforts die;
Return, and let thy glories rise
Again to our admiring eyes:

- 3 Till fill'd with light, and joy, and love,
Thy courts below, like those above,
Triumphant hallelujahs raise,
And heav'n and earth resound thy praise.
-

HYMN LIV. (S. M.)

- 1 ALMIGHTY Maker, God,
How wondrous is thy name!
Thy glories how diffus'd abroad
Through the creation's frame!
- 2 Nature in every dress
Her humble homage pays,
And finds a thousand ways 't' express
Thine undissembled praise.
- 3 My soul would rise and sing
To her Creator too:
Fain would my tongue adore my King,
And pay the worship due.
- 4 Create my soul anew,
Else all my worship's vain;
This wretched heart will ne'er be true,
Until 'tis form'd again.
- 5 Let joy and worship spend
The remnant of my days,
And to my God my soul ascend
In sweet perfumes of praise.
-

HYMN LV. (C. M.)

- 1 COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known;
The sov'reign of your hearts proclaim,
And bow before his throne.
- 2 Behold your King, your Saviour, crown'd
With glories all divine;

And tell the wond'ring nations round,
How bright those glories shine.

- 3 When in his earthly courts we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.
- 4 And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise!
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.
- 5 O happy period ! glorious day !
When heav'n and earth shall raise,
With all their powers, the raptur'd lay
To celebrate thy praise.

HYMN LVI. (P. M. 148th.)

- 1 IN loud exalted strains
The King of glory praise :
O'er heav'n and earth he reigns
Through everlasting days :
But Zion, with his presence blest,
Is his delight, his chosen rest.
- 2 O King of glory ! come,
And with thy favour crown
This temple as thy dome,
This people as thine own :
Beneath this roof vouchsafe to shew,
How God can dwell with man below.
- 3 Now let thine ear attend
Our supplicating cries ;
Now let our praise ascend
Accepted to the skies :
Now let thy gospel's joyful sound
Spread its celestial influence round.

- 4 Here may the list'ning throng
 Imbibe thy truth and love ;
 And christians learn the song
 Of seraphim above ;
 Till all, who humbly seek thy face,
 Rejoice in thine abounding grace.
-

HYMN LVII. (P. M. *Hotham.*)

- 1 SONGS of praise the angels sang ;
 Heav'n with hallelujahs rang,
 When Jehovah's work begun,
 When he spake and it was done.
 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
 When the Prince of Peace was born ;
 Songs of praise arose, when he
 Captive led captivity.
- 2 Heav'n and earth must pass away ;
 Songs of praise shall crown that day :
 God will make new heav'ns and earth ;
 Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
 And shall man alone be dumb,
 Till that glorious kingdom come ?
 No! the church delights to raise
 Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.
- 3 Saints below, with heart and voice,
 Still in songs of praise rejoice ;
 Learning here, by faith and love,
 Songs of praise to sing above.
 Borne upon their latest breath,
 Songs of praise shall conquer death ;
 Then, amidst eternal joy,
 Songs of praise their powers employ.
-

HYMN LVIII. (C. M.)

- 1 GLORY to God, who gave the word,
 And bid the preachers cry,

- Who caus'd his will to be proclaim'd,
And brought salvation nigh.
- 2 Lord, ever give us of that bread,
And grant us ears to hear,
Hearts to receive the heav'nly seed,
And bring forth fruit with fear.
- 3 Oh, may thy word direct our path,
And guide our falt'ring feet ;
Direct us in the living way,
And to thy mercy-seat !
- 4 Fountain of everlasting life,
Of bliss, and truth, and good,
Give us, that we may never thirst,
To drink of Jesu's blood !
- 5 Let all thy children, Lord, be fed
With the eternal word ;
Be wise, and stronger grow thereby,
Increasing in the Lord !
-

HYMN LIX. (C. M.)

- 1 LONG have we sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord ;
But still how weak our faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word !
- 2 Oft we frequent thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain :
How small a portion of thy grace
Do our false hearts retain !
- 3 How cold and feeble is our love !
How negligent our fear !
How low our hope of joys above !
How few affections there !
- 4 Great God ! thy sov'reign power impart,
To give thy word success :

- Write thy salvation on our heart,
And make us learn thy grace.
- 5 Shew our forgetful feet the way,
That leads to joys on high :
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.
-

HYMN LX. (P. M. *Carey's.*)

- 1 **THY** presence, gracious God, afford;
Prepare us to receive thy word :
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mix'd with what we hear :
Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,
And crown thy gospel with success.
- 2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above ;
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread :
Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,
And crown thy gospel with success.
- 3 To each the sacred word apply,
With sov'reign power and energy ;
And may we, in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear :
Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,
And crown thy gospel with success.
- 4 Father, in us thy Son reveal ;
Teach us to know and do thy will :
Thy saving power and love display,
And guide us to the realms of day :
Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,
And crown thy gospel with success.
-

HYMN LXI. (L. M.)

- 1 **FATHER** of mercies, bow thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer :

We plead for those who plead for thee ;
Successful pleaders may they be !

- 2 Clothe, Lord, with energy divine
Their words, and let those words be thine ;
To them thy sacred truth reveal,
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.
- 3 Teach them to sow the precious seed ;
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed ;
Teach them immortal souls to gain,
Souls that shall well reward their pain.
- 4 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound,
In humble strains thy grace implore,
And feel thy new-creating power.
- 5 Let sinners break their massy chains,
And mourning souls forget their pains :
Let light through distant realms be spread,
And Zion rear her drooping head.

HYMN LXII. (P. M. 148th.)

ON what has now been sown
Thy blessing, Lord, bestow :
The power is thine alone,
To make it spring and grow :
Do thou the gracious harvest raise,
And thou alone shalt have the praise.

HYMN LXIII. (C. M.)

- 1 NOT unto us, but thee alone,
Blest Lamb, be glory giv'n !
Here shall thy praises be begun,
And carried on in heav'n.

- 2 Till we the veil of flesh lay down,
Accept our weaker lays;
And, when we reach thy Father's throne,
We'll give thee nobler praise.
-

HYMN LXIV. (L. M.)

- 1 DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord;
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.
- 2 Though we are guilty, thou art good:
Wash all our works in Jesu's blood;
Give every fetter'd soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.
-

HYMN LXV. (L. M.)

- 1 THE peace which God alone reveals,
And by his word of grace imparts,
Which only the believer feels,
Direct and keep and cheer our hearts!
- 2 And may the holy Three in One,
The Father, Word, and Comforter,
Pour an abundant blessing down
On every soul assembled here!
-

HYMN LXVI. (P. M. *Haydn's.*)

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above!
Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion
Joys which earth cannot afford.

HYMN LXVII. (P. M. *Dismission.*)

SOME sweet savour of thy favour
Shed abroad in every heart :
Heav'n-ward as to thee we go,
Leaving guilt and fear below,
Blessing, praising without ceasing,
Bid us, Lord, depart.

• BAPTISM.

HYMN LXVIII. (C. M.)

- 1 THUS saith the mercy of the Lord,
 "I'll be a God to thee ;
 "I'll bless thy num'rous race, and they
 "Shall be a seed for me."
 - 2 Abra'm believ'd the promis'd grace,
 And gave his son to God :
 But water seals the blessing now,
 That once was seal'd with blood.
 - 3 Thus Lydia sanctified her house,
 When she receiv'd the word ;
 Thus the believing Jailor gave
 His household to the Lord.
 - 4 Thus later saints, eternal King !
 Thine ancient truth embrace ;
 To thee their infant-offspring bring,
 And humbly claim thy grace.
-

HYMN LXIX. (C. M.)

- 1 How large the promise, how divine,
 To Abra'm and his seed !
 "I'll be a God to thee and thine,
 Supplying all their need."

- 2 The words of this extensive love
From age to age endure :
The Angel of the cov'nant proves,
And seals the blessing sure.
- 3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
To our great fathers giv'n ;
He takes young children to his arms,
And calls them heirs of heav'n.
- 4 Then let the children of the saints
Be dedicate to God :
Pour out thy Spirit on them, Lord,
And wash them in thy blood !
- 5 Thus to the parents and their seed
Shall thy salvation come ;
And num'rous households meet at last
In one eternal home.
-

HYMN LXX. (C. M.)

- 1 SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
With all-engaging charms !
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms !
- 2 " Permit them to approach," he cries,
" Nor scorn their humble name ;
" For 'twas to bless such souls as these
" The Lord of angels came."
- 3 We bring them, Lord, by fervent prayer,
And yield them up to thee :
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be !
- 4 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear ;
Ye children, seek his face ;
And fly with transport to receive
The blessings of his grace.

LORD'S SUPPER.

[PSALMS 40, 116.—HYMNS 14, 101, 139,
151, 161, 167, 189.]

HYMN LXXI. (L. M.)

- 1 **MY GOD**, and is thy table spread?
And does thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all thy children led,
And let them all thy goodness know.
 - 2 Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood!
Thrice happy he, who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heav'nly food.
 - 3 Oh, let thy table honour'd be,
And furnish'd well with joyful guests!
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes!
 - 4 Drawn by thy quick'ning grace, O Lord,
In thronging numbers let them come;
And gather from their Father's board
The bread that lives beyond the tomb.
-

HYMN LXXII. (S. M.)

- 1 **JESUS** invites his saints
To meet around his board:
Here pardon'd sinners meet and hold
Communion with their Lord.
- 2 For food he gives his flesh;
He bids us drink his blood:
Amazing favour! matchless grace
Of our descending God!
- 3 This holy bread and wine
Maintains our fainting breath,

By union with our living Lord,
And int'rest in his death.

- 4 Our heav'nly Father calls
Christ and his members one ;
We the young children of his love,
And he the first-born Son.
 - 5 Let all our powers be join'd
His glorious name to raise ;
Pleasure and love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.
-

HYMN LXXIII. (L. M.)

- 1 How rich are thy provisions, Lord !
Thy table furnish'd from above !
The fruits of life o'erspread the board,
The cup o'erflows with heav'nly love.
- 2 Thine ancient family, the Jews,
Were first invited to the feast :
We humbly take what they refuse,
And Gentiles thy salvation taste.
- 3 We are the poor, the blind, the lame,
And help was far, and death was nigh ;
But at the Gospel-call we came,
And every want receiv'd supply.
- 4 From the high-way that leads to hell,
From paths of darkness and despair,
Lord, we are come with thee to dwell,
Glad to enjoy thy presence here.
- 5 What shall we pay th' eternal Son,
That left the heav'n of his abode,
And to this wretched earth came down,
To bring us wand'ers back to God ?
- 6 *He by his death redeem'd our lives ;
Our souls he ransom'd with his own ;*

And all the unknown joys he gives,
Were bought with agonies unknown.

HYMN LXXIV. (C. M.)

- 1 LET us adore th' eternal Word,
By whom our souls are fed :
Thou art our living stream, O Lord,
And thou th' immortal bread.
 - 2 The manna came from lower skies,
But Jesus from above ;
Where the fresh springs of pleasure rise,
And rivers flow with love.
 - 3 The Jews, the fathers, died at last,
Who ate that heav'nly bread ;
But these provisions which we taste
Can raise us from the dead.
 - 4 Bless'd be the Lord, that gives his flesh
To nourish dying men ;
And often spreads his table fresh,
Lest we should faint again.
 - 5 Our souls shall draw their heav'nly breath,
While Jesus finds supplies ;
Nor shall our graces sink to death,
For Jesus never dies.
 - 6 Daily our mortal flesh decays ;
But Christ our life shall come :
And his almighty power shall raise
Our bodies from the tomb.
-

HYMN LXXV. (C. M.)

- 1 How condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son !
Our mis'ry reach'd his heav'nly mind,
And pity brought him down.

- 2 When justice, by our sins provok'd,
Drew forth its dreadful sword,
He gave his soul up to the stroke
Without a murm'ring word.
 - 3 This was compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.
 - 4 Now though he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great:
Well he remembers Calvary;
Nor let his saints forget.
 - 5 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record;
And, with our joy for pardon'd guilt,
Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.
-

HYMN LXXVI. (C. M.)

- 1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ the mighty Maker died
For man the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears!

- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe :
 Here, Lord, I give myself away ;
 'Tis all that I can do.
-

HYMN LXXVII. (L. M.)

- 1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
 On which the Prince of glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 Save in the death of Christ my God :
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down !
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet ;
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were a present far too small :
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.
-

HYMN LXXVIII. (S. M.)

- 1 NOT all the blood of beasts,
 On Jewish altars slain,
 Could give the guilty conscience peace,
 Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ, the heav'nly Lamb,
 Takes all our sins away ;
 A sacrifice of nobler name
 And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand
 On that dear head of thine,

- While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see
The burden thou didst bear,
When hanging on th' accursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing we rejoice
To see the curse remove ;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.
-

HYMN LXXIX. (S. M.)

- 1 THOU very Paschal-Lamb,
Whose blood for us was shed,
Through whom we out of Egypt came,
Thy ransom'd people lead.
- 2 Angel of gospel-grace,
Fulfil thy character ;
To guard and feed thy chosen race,
In Israel's camp appear.
- 3 Throughout the desert way
Conduct us by thy light ;
Be thou a cooling cloud by day,
A cheering fire by night.
- 4 Our fainting souls sustain
With blessings from above ;
And ever on thy people rain
The manna of thy love.
-

HYMN LXXX. (C. M.)

- 1 Now let our pains be all forgot,
Our hearts no more repine :
Our suff'rings are not worth a thought,
When, Lord, compar'd with thine.

- 2 In lively figures here we see
The bleeding Prince of love;
Each of us hopes, he died for me,
And then our griefs remove.
 - 3 His soul, what agonies it felt,
When his own God withdrew;
And the large load of all our guilt
Lay heavy on him too!
 - 4 But the divinity within
Supported him to bear:
Dying, he conquer'd hell and sin,
And made his triumph there.
 - 5 Our hymns should sound like those above,
Could we our voices raise;
Yet, Lord, our hearts shall all be love,
And all our lives be praise.
-

HYMN LXXXI. (C. M.)

- 1 FATHER, we wait to feel thy grace,
To see thy glories shine:
The Lord will his own table bless,
And make the feast divine.
- 2 We touch, we taste the heav'nly bread,
We drink the sacred cup;
With outward forms our sense is fed,
Our souls rejoice in hope.
- 3 We shall appear before the throne
Of our forgiving God,
Dress'd in the garments of his Son,
And sprinkled with his blood.
- 4 We shall be strong to run the race,
And climb the upper sky:
Christ will provide our souls with grace;
He bought a large supply,

HYMN LXXXII. (C. M.)

- 1 SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears!
A sov'reign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.
 - 2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.
 - 3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb,
To thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.
Glory, honour, praise and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever!
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer!
Hallelujah, praise the Lord!
-

MORNING AND EVENING.

[PSALMS 5, 19.]

HYMN LXXXIII. (L. M.)

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High glory to th' eternal King.
- 3 Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refresh'd me, while I slept:
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

- 4 Lord, I my vows to thee renew ;
Scatter my sins as morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.
- 5 Direct, controul, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

HYMN LXXXIV. (L. M.)

- 1 GOD of the morning! at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies.
- 2 From the fair chambers of the east
The circuit of his race begins ;
And without weariness or rest
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.
- 3 Oh, like the sun, may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day ;
With ready mind and active will
March on and keep my heav'nly way!
- 4 But I shall rove and lose the race,
If God, my sun, should disappear,
And leave me in this world's wide maze,
To follow every wand'ring star.
- 5 Give me thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss :
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold compar'd with this.

HYMN LXXXV. (C. M.)

- 1 HOSANNA with a cheerful sound
To God's upholding hand !

- Ten thousand snares attend us round,
And yet secure we stand.
- 2 That was a most amazing power,
That form'd us with a word;
And every day, and every hour,
We lean upon the Lord.
- 3 The evening rests our weary head,
And angels guard the room :
We wake, and we admire the bed,
That was not made our tomb.
- 4 The rising morning can't assure
That we shall end the day ;
For Death stands ready at the door
To take our lives away.
- 5 Our breath is forfeited by sin
To God's avenging law :
We own thy grace, Immortal King,
In every gasp we draw.
- 6 God is our sun, whose daily light
Our joy and safety brings ;
Our feeble flesh lies safe at night
Beneath his shady wings.
-

HYMN LXXXVI. (L.M.)

- 1 MY God, how endless is thy love !
Thy gifts are every evening new ;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours ;
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.
- 3 I yield my powers to thy command ;
To thee I consecrate my days :

Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

HYMN LXXXVII. (L. M.)

- 1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own almighty wings!
 - 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
 - 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.
 - 4 Oh, let my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep, that shall me more vig'rous make
To serve my God, when I awake.
 - 5 If in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heav'nly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.
-

NEW YEAR.

[PSALM 71.]

HYMN LXXXVIII. (C. M.)

- 1 GOD of our life! thy various praise
Let mortal voices sound:
Thy hand revolves our fleeting days,
And brings the seasons round.
- 2 To thee shall annual incense rise,
Our Father and our Friend;

- While annual mercies from the skies
In genial streams descend.
- 3 In every scene of life thy care,
In every age we see ;
And constant as thy favours are,
So let our praises be.
- 4 Still may thy love in every scene,
In every age appear ;
And let the same compassion deign
To bless the op'ning year.
- 5 O keep this foolish heart of mine
From anxious passions free :
Each comfort teach me to resign,
And trust my all to thee.
- 6 If mercy smile, let mercy bring
My wand'ring soul to God :
And in affliction I shall sing,
If thou wilt bless the rod.
-

HYMN LXXXIX. (L. M.)

- 1 MY helper God ! I bless his name ;
The same his power, his grace the same :
The tokens of his friendly care
Open, and crown, and close the year.
- 2 Amidst ten thousand snares I stand,
Supported by his guardian hand ;
And see, when I survey my ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.
- 3 Thus far his arm has led me on ;
Thus far I make his mercy known ;
And while I tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.
- 4 My grateful soul on Jordan's shore
Shall raise one sacred pillar more ;

Then bear, in his bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

HYMN XC. (P. M. *Haydn's.*)

- 1 COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace :
Streams of mercy never ceasing
Call for ceaseless songs of praise :
Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by flaming tongues above ;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.
 - 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come ;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home :
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God ;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interpos'd his precious blood.
 - 3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be !
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee !
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it ;
Prone to leave the God I love !
Here's my heart, Lord ; take and seal it,
Seal it from thy courts above.
-

HYMN XCI. (C. M.)

- 1 NOW, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,
And make thy glory known :
Now let us all thy presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone !
-

- 2 Help us to venture near thy throne,
And plead a Saviour's name ;
For all that we can call our own,
Is vanity and shame.
- 3 From all the guilt of former sin
May mercy set us free ;
And let the year we now begin,
Begin and end with thee.
- 4 Send down thy Spirit from above,
That saints may love thee more ;
And sinners now may learn to love,
Who never lov'd before.
- 5 And when before thee we appear
In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worship here,
And praise thee in our room.

HARVEST.

[PSALMS 65, 145.]

HYMN XCII. (C. M.)

- 1 FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
How rich thy bounties are !
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim thy constant care.
- 2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness mark'd its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.
- 3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was
The plants in beauty grew ; [thine ;
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And mild refreshing dew.
- 4 *Thy various mercies from above
Matur'd the swelling grain :*

- A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.
- 5 We own and bless thy gracious sway ;
Thy promise still is sure :
Seed-time and harvest, night and day,
And cold and heat endure.
-

DEATH & JUDGEMENT.

[PSALM 16, 17, 39, 50, 89, 90.—HYMNS 107,
109, 156, 158, 168, 193.]

HYMN XCIII. (C. M.)

- 1 THEE we adore, Eternal name !
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we !
- 2 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave ;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're trav'ling to the grave.
- 3 Dangers stand thick thro' all the ground,
To push us to the tomb ;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.
- 4 Infinite joy, or endless woe,
Attends on every breath ;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death !
- 5 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dang'rous road ;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God !
-

HYMN XCIV. (C. M.)

- 1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms ?

- 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.
- 2 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay;
And left a long perfume.
- 3 The graves of all his saints he bless'd,
And soften'd every bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?
- 4 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And shew'd our feet the way:
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly
At the great rising-day.
- 5 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise:
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies.
-

HYMN XCV. (S. M.)

- 1 PREPARE me, gracious God,
To stand before thy face;
Thy Spirit must the work perform,
For it is all of grace.
- 2 In Christ's obedience clothe,
And wash me in his blood:
So shall I lift my head with joy
Among the sons of God.
- 3 Do thou my sins subdue;
Thy sov'reign love make known;
The spirit of my mind renew,
And save me in thy Son.
- 4 Let me attest thy power,
Let me thy goodness prove;

DEATH AND JUDGEMENT. 141

Till my full soul can hold no more
Of everlasting love.

HYMN XCVI. (C. M.)

- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
 - 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heav'nly land from ours.
 - 3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.
 - 4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger shiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
 - 5 Oh! could we make our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unclouded eyes!
 - 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er; [flood,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
Should fright us from the shore.
-

HYMN XCVII. (C. M.)

- 1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all;
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heav'nly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.
-

HYMN XCVIII. (c. m.)

- 1 How long shall Death the tyrant reign,
And triumph o'er the just;
While the rich blood of martyrs slain
Lies mingled with the dust?
- 2 I see the Lord of glory come,
And flaming guards around;
The skies divide to make him room,
The trumpet shakes the ground.
- 3 I hear the voice, "Ye dead, arise!"
And, lo! the graves obey;
And waking saints, with joyful eyes,
Salute th' expected day.
- 4 They leave the dust, and on the wing
Rise to the midway air;
In shining garments meet their King,
And low adore him there.
- 5 Oh, may our humble spirits stand
Among them cloth'd in white!
*The meanest place at his right hand
Is infinite delight.*

DEATH AND JUDGEMENT. 143

HYMN XCIX. (P. M. *Sicilian.*)

- 1 Lo! he comes with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain!
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
Jesus now shall ever reign!
- 2 Every eye shall now behold him
Rob'd in dreadful majesty:
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the great Messiah see!
- 3 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear!
All his saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air!
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!
- 4 Yea! Amen! let all adore thee,
High on thine exalted throne!
Saviour! take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdoms for thine own!
O come quickly!
Hallelujah! Come, Lord, come!

HYMN C. (L. M.)

- 1 METHINKS the last great day is come,
Methinks I hear the trumpet sound,
That shakes the earth, rends every tomb,
And wakes the pris'ners under ground.
- 2 The mighty deep gives up her trust,
Aw'd by the Judge's high command;
Both small and great now quit their dust,
And round the dread tribunal stand.

- 3 Behold the awful books display'd;
Big with th' important fates of men;
Each deed and word now public made,
As writ by God's unerring pen.
 - 4 To every soul the books assign
The joyous or the dread reward:
Sinners in vain lament and pine;
No pleas the Judge will here regard.
 - 5 Lord, when these awful leaves unfold,
May life's fair book my soul approve!
There may I read my name enroll'd,
And triumph in redeeming love!
-

ON PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE.

HYMN CI. Gen. XIV. 18—20. (P. M. *Hotham.*)

- 1 KING of Salem, bless my soul;
Make a wounded sinner whole!
King of righteousness and peace,
Let thy visits never cease!
Come, refresh this soul of mine
With thy sacred bread and wine!
All thy love to me unfold,
Half of which cannot be told.
 - 2 Hail, Melchisedec divine!
Great High-Priest, I call thee mine:
'Thou, my King, O reign within;
Let thy grace subdue my sin:
Every rising lust controul;
Stamp thine image on my soul:
All my powers before thee fall;
Take them—not the tithe, but all.
-

HYMN CII. Gen. XXVIII. 20—22. (C. M.)

- 1 O GOD of Jacob, by whose hand
Thine Israel still is fed;

Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led :

- 2 To thee our humble vows we raise,
To thee address our prayer,
And in thy kind and faithful breast
Deposit all our care.
- 3 If thou, through each perplexing path,
Wilt be our constant guide ;
If thou wilt daily bread supply,
And raiment wilt provide ;
- 4 If thou wilt spread thy shield around,
Till these our wand'rings cease,
And at our Father's lov'd abode
Our souls arrive in peace ;
- 5 To thee, as to our Cov'nant-God,
We our whole selves resign ;
And count, that not the tenth alone,
But all we have, is thine.

HYMN CIII. Levit. xxv. 9—13. (P. M. 148th.)

- 1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly-solemn sound !
Let all the nations know
To earth's remotest bound :
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb ;
Redemption by his blood
Through all the lands proclaim :
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 3 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive ;

And safe in Jesus dwell,
 And blest in Jesus live:
 The year of Jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

- 4 The gospel-trumpet hear,
 The news of pard'ning grace:
 Ye happy souls, draw near;
 Behold your Saviour's face:
 The year of Jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

HYMN CIV. Deut. XI. 8—14. (P. M.)

- 1 COME, Lord! and help us to rejoice
 In hope that we shall hear thy voice,
 And all thy goodness prove;
 Thy people's rest, thy saints' delight,
 The length and breadth, the depth and
 Of thy redeeming love. [height,
- 2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
 We stand, and from the mountain-top
 See all the land below:
 Rivers of milk and honey rise,
 And all the fruits of paradise
 In endless plenty grow:
- 3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
 Favour'd with God's peculiar smile,
 With every blessing blest:
 There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,
 And keeps his own in perfect peace
 And everlasting rest.
- 4 Almighty Joshua! bring us in;
 Display thy grace, forgive our sin,
 Our unbelief remove:
 The heav'nly Canaan, Lord, divide;
 And oh, with all the sanctified,
 Give us a lot of love!

HYMN CV. 1 Kings III. 5. (S. M.)

- 1 **BEHOLD** the throne of grace!
The promise calls me near;
There Jesus shews a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.
- 2 That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see,
Provides for those who come to God
An all-prevailing plea.
- 3 Beyond our utmost wants
His love and power can bless:
To praying souls he always grants
More than they can express.
- 4 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love;
I ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.
- 5 Teach me to live by faith,
Conform my will to thine:
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

HYMN CVI. 1 Kings III. 7—9. (L. M.)

- 1 **LORD**, I accept thine offer'd grace,
I come to seek my Father's face;
Nor will he turn his ear away,
Who taught my heart and lips to pray.
- 2 One thing I ask; and wilt thou hear,
And grant my soul a gift so dear?
Wisdom, descending from above,
The sweetest token of thy love:
- 3 Wisdom, betimes to know the Lord,
To fear his name, and keep his word;
To lead my feet in paths of truth,
And guide & guard my wand'ring youth.

- 4 Then, if thou grant me length of days,
My life shall still proclaim thy praise;
Or early death my soul convey
To realms of everlasting day.
-

HYMN CVII. Job i. 21 (C. M.)

- 1 **NAKED** as from the earth we came,
And crept to life at first,
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with our dust.
- 2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are but short favours borrow'd now,
To be repaid anon.
- 3 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave :
He gives, and (blessed be his name !)
He takes but what he gave.
- 4 **Peace**, all our angry passions, then !
Let each rebellious sigh
Be silent at his sov'reign will,
And every murmur die.
- 5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,
It's praises shall be spread ;
And we'll adore the justice too,
That strikes our comforts dead.
-

HYMN CVIII. Job iv. 17—21. (L. M.)

- 1 **SHALL** the mean race of flesh and blood
Contend with their Creator, God ?
Shall mortal worms presume to be
More holy, wise, or just than he ?
- 2 Behold, he puts his trust in none
Of all the spirits round his throne :
Their natures, when compar'd with his,
Are neither holy, just, nor wise.

- 3 But how much meaner things are they,
Who spring from dust, and dwell in clay!
Touch'd by the finger of thy wrath,
We faint and perish like the moth.
- 4 From night to day, from day to night,
We die by thousands in thy sight :
Buried in dust whole nations lie,
Like a forgotten vanity.
- 5 Almighty power, to thee we bow !
How frail are we, how glorious thou !
No more the sons of earth shall dare
With an eternal God compare.

HYMN CIX. Job XIX. 25—7. (C. M.)

- 1 GREAT God, I own thy sentence just,
And nature must decay :
I yield my body to the dust,
To dwell with fellow-clay.
- 2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tombs ;
For Jesus, my Redeemer, lives ;
My God, my Saviour comes.
- 3 The mighty Conqu'ror shall appear
High on a royal seat,
And Death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquish'd at his feet.
- 4 Though greedy worms devour my skin,
And gnaw my wasting flesh ;
Yet God shall build my bones again,
And clothe them all afresh.
- 5 Then shall I see thy glorious face
With strong immortal eyes,
And feast upon thine unknown grace
With pleasure and surprise.

HYMN CX. Job xxiii. 3—4. (C. M.)

- 1 OH that I knew the secret place,
Where I might find my God!
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.
- 2 I'd tell him how my sins arise,
What sorrows I sustain;
How grace decays, and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.
- 3 He knows what arguments I'd take,
To wrestle with my God:
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
And for my Saviour's blood.
- 4 My God will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones:
He takes the meaning of his saints,
The language of their groans.
- 5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish every fear;
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there.

HYMN CXI. Job xxix. 2—5. (C. M.)

- 1 OH for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heav'nly frame;
A light to shine upon the road,
That leads me to the Lamb!
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
*But now I find an aching void,
The world can never fill.*

- 4 Return, O holy Dove! return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road,
That leads me to the Lamb.
-

HYMN CXII. Prov. VIII. 1, 22—32. (S. M.)

- 1 SHALL Wisdom cry aloud,
And not her speech be heard?
'The voice of God's eternal Word,
Deserves it no regard?
- 2 "I was his chief delight,
"His everlasting Son,
"Before the first of all his works,
"Creation, was begun.
- 3 "Before the flying clouds,
"Before the solid land,
"Before the fields, before the floods,
"I dwelt at his right hand.
- 4 "Upon the empty air
"The earth was balanc'd well;
"With joy I saw the mansion, where
"The sons of men should dwell.
- 5 "My busy thoughts at first
"On their salvation ran,
"Ere sin was born, or Adam's dust
Was fashion'd to a man.

- 6 "Then come, receive my grace,
 "Ye children, and be wise :
 "Happy the man that keeps my ways ;
 "The man that shuns them dies."
-

HYMN CXIII. Cant. I. 3. (C. M.)

- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear !
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 And calms the troubled breast ;
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary, rest.
- 3 Dear name ! the rock on which I build ;
 My shield and hiding-place ;
 My never-failing treas'ry, fill'd
 With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Jesus ! my Saviour, Shepherd, Friend,
 My Prophet, Priest, and King,
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
 Accept the praise I bring.
- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
 And cold my warmest thought ;
 But when I see thee as thou art,
 I'll praise thee as I ought.
-

HYMN CXIV. Isai. ix. 6. (C. M.)

- 1 LET saints on earth their anthems raise,
 Who taste the Saviour's grace ;
 Let saints in heav'n proclaim his praise,
 And crown him Prince of Peace.
- 2 Praise him, who laid his glory by
 For man's apostate race :
 Praise him, who stoop'd to bleed and die,
 And crown him Prince of Peace.

- 3 Come, rebels, lay your weapons down,
Let war for ever cease;
Immanuel for your Sov'reign own,
And crown him Prince of Peace.
- 4 We soon shall reach the blissful shore,
To view his smiling face;
His name for ever to adore,
And crown him Prince of Peace.

HYMN CXV. THE SAME. (L. M.)

- 1 MY song shall bless the Lord of all,
My praise shall climb to his abode;
Thee, Saviour, by that name I call,
The great Supreme, the mighty God.
- 2 Without beginning or decline,
Object of faith, and not of sense;
Eternal ages saw him shine,
He shines eternal ages hence.
- 3 As much, when in the manger laid,
Almighty ruler of the sky,
As when the six days' work he made,
Fill'd all the morning-stars with joy.
- 4 Of all the crowns Jehovah bears,
Salvation is the dearest claim;
That gracious sound well-pleas'd he hears,
And owns Immanuel for his name.
- 5 A cheerful confidence I feel,
My well-plac'd hopes with joy I see;
My bosom glows with heav'nly zeal
To worship him who died for me.

HYMN CXVI. Isai. ix. 2, 6—7. (L. M.)

- 1 THE lands that long in darkness lay,
Now have beheld a heav'ly light;
Nations that sat in death's cold shade,
Are bless'd with beams divinely bright.

- 2 The Virgin's promis'd Son is born !
Behold th' expected Child appear !
What shall his names or titles be ?
"The Wonderful, the Counsellor !"
- 3 The government of earth and seas
Upon his shoulders shall be laid ;
His wide dominions shall increase,
And honours to his name be paid.
- 4 Jesus, the holy Child, shall sit
High on his father David's throne ;
Shall crush his foes beneath his feet,
And reign to ages yet unknown.
-

HYMN CXVII. Isai. XXVI. 1. (L. M.)

- 1 HAPPY the church, thou sacred place,
The seat of thy Creator's grace !
Thy holy courts are his abode,
Thou earthly palace of our God.
- 2 Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates
A guard of heav'nly warriors waits ;
Nor shall thy deep foundations move,
Fix'd on his counsels and his love.
- 3 Thy foes in vain designs engage ;
Against his throne in vain they rage ;
Like rising waves with angry roar,
'That dash and die upon the shore.
- 4 Then let our souls in Zion dwell,
Nor fear the wrath of earth or hell :
His arms embrace this happy ground,
Like brazen bulwarks built around.
- 5 God is our shield, and God our sun :
Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us he sheds new beams of grace,
And we reflect his brightest praise.

ON PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE. 155

HYMN CXVIII. Isai. xxxii. 2. (C. M.)

- 1 HE who on earth as man was known,
And bore our sins and pains,
Now seated on th' eternal throne,
The God of glory reigns.
 - 2 While harps unnumber'd sound his praise
In yonder world above,
His saints on earth admire his ways,
And glory in his love.
 - 3 This land, through which his pilgrims go,
Is desolate and dry;
But streams of grace from him o'erflow,
Their thirst to satisfy.
 - 4 When troubles, like a burning sun,
Beat heavy on their head,
To this almighty Rock they run,
And find refreshing shade.
 - 5 How glorious he ! how happy they
In such a glorious Friend !
Whose love secures them all the way,
And crowns them at the end.
-

HYMN CXIX. Isai. xxxiv. 1. (P. M. *Carey's*.)

- 1 OH, 'tis a sound should fill the world,
The sound of mercy through the Lamb!
Lo, Satan from his seat is hurl'd,
Unable to withstand *his* name !
From heav'n like lightning see him fall,
Struck by the arm that conquers all !
- 2 Lord, give the word ; and, wak'd by thee,
Let many tongues thy vict'ry tell ;
That hopeless sinners now may see,
That thou hast vanquish'd death & hell,
Sound, sound the joyful truth abroad ;
Let sinners now draw nigh to God !

- 3 And thou, victorious Lord, all hail !
Immortal honours shade thy brow !
When death and hell thy friends assail,
They find in thee a refuge now :
Thy name shall furnish them with arms,
And free their souls from all alarms.
-

HYMN CXX. Isai. XL. 28—31. (L. M.)

- 1 AWAKE, our souls ! away, our fears !
Let every trembling thought begone ;
Awake, and run the heav'nly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint ;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of every saint :
- 3 The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young ;
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.
- 4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply ;
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.
- 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode :
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heav'nly road.
-

HYMN CXXI. Isai. LI. 9—11. (L. M.)

- 1 ARM of the Lord, awake ! awake !
Put on thy strength, the nations shake ;
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee !

- 2 Say to the heathen from thy throne,
"I am Jehovah, God alone!"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.
- 3 Arm of the Lord, thy power extend;
Let Satan's reign of darkness end;
Break Superstition's iron chain,
And the proud scoffer's rage restrain.
- 4 Let Zion's time of favour come;
Oh, bring the tribes of Israel home;
And let our wond'ring eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesu's fold!
- 5 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim
In every clime, of every name!
Let adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all!

HYMN CXXII. Isai. LI. 9—16. (P. M. Carey's.)

- 1 SHORTEN'D, O Lord, it cannot be!
That hand which plagu'd th' Egyptian
race;
Which brought thy people thro' the sea,
Which led them through the wilderness;
Which hath to us so often giv'n
Drink from the rock, and bread from
heav'n:
- 2 That hand, which open'd wide mine eyes;
That hand, which now by faith I see,
Measures the floods, and spans the skies,
And grasps the winds—and covers me!
It brings the blind thro' ways unknown,
It holds, it lifts them to a throne.
- 3 Kept by that hand, I cannot fear
Lest earth or hell should pluck me thence:

I trample on temptation near,
Supported by Omnipotence;
Safe compass'd round, if Christ be mine,
With boundless love and power divine.

HYMN CXXIII. Isai. LII. 7—10. (S. M.)

- 1 How beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill;
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!
 - 2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour-King,
"He reigns and triumphs here!"
 - 3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!
 - 4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heav'nly light!
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
But died without the sight.
 - 5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
 - 6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad:
Let all the nations now behold
Their Saviour and their God.
-

HYMNCXXIV. Isai. LIII. (S. M.)

- 1 WHO has believ'd thy word,
Or thy salvation known?

- Reveal thine arm, almighty Lord,
And glorify thy Son.
- 2 The Jews esteem'd him here
Too mean for their belief:
Sorrows his chief acquaintance were,
And his companion, grief.
- 3 They turn'd their eyes away,
And treated him with scorn;
But 'twas their griefs upon him lay,
Their sorrows he has borne.
- 4 How dreadful was the hour,
When God our wand'rings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour
Upon the Shepherd's head!
- 5 His honour and his breath
Were taken both away;
Join'd with the wicked in his death,
And counted vile as they.
- 6 But God shall raise his head
O'er all the sons of men;
And make him see a num'rous seed,
To recompense his pain.
-

HYMN CXXV. Isai. LV. 1—2. (C. M.)

- 1 LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.
- 2 Ho! all ye hungry starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind;
- 3 Eternal wisdom has prepar'd
A soul-reviving feast,

- And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die;
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.
- 5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join:
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.
- 6 The happy gates of gospel-grace
Stand open night and day:
Lord, we are come to seek supplies;
O drive our wants away.
-

HYMN CXXVI. Jer. XXIII. 6. (C. M.)

- 1 SAVIOUR divine! we know thy name,
And in that name we trust:
Thou art the Lord our Righteousness,
Thou art thine Israel's boast.
- 2 Guilty we plead before thy throne,
And low in dust we lie,
Till Jesus stretch his gracious arm
To bring the guilty nigh.
- 3 The sins of one most righteous day
Might plunge us in despair;
Yet all the crimes of num'rous years
Shall our great Surety clear.
- 4 That spotless robe, which he hath
Shall deck us all around; [wrought,
Nor by the piercing eye of God
One guilty spot be found.
- 5 Pardon, and peace, and lively hope,
To sinners now are giv'n:

ON PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE. 161

Israel and Judah soon shall change
Their wilderness for heav'n.

HYMN CXXVII. Jer. L. 5. (C. M.)

- 1 Zion ! the city of our God,
How glorious is the place !
The Saviour there has his abode,
And sinners see his face.
 - 2 Firm against every adverse shock
Its mighty bulwarks prove ;
'Tis built upon the living Rock,
And wall'd around with love.
 - 3 There all the fruits of glory grow,
And joys that never die ;
And streams of grace and knowledge flow
The soul to satisfy.
 - 4 Come, set your faces Zion-ward,
The sacred road inquire ;
And let an union to the Lord
Be henceforth your desire !
 - 5 The gospel shines to give you light ;
No longer then delay :
The Spirit waits to guide you right,
And Jesus is the way.
 - 6 O Lord, regard thy people's prayer,
Thy promise now fulfil ;
And young and old by grace prepare
To dwell on Zion's hill.
-

HYMN CXXVIII. Hosea III. 4, 5. (P. M. Carey's.)

- 1 WEARY of wand'ring from my God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear and bow me to the rod ;
For thee not without hope I mourn :

- I have an Advocate above,
A Friend before the throne of love.
- 2 O Jesus! full of truth and grace,
More full of grace than I of sin,
Yet once again I seek thy face;
Open the ark, and take me in:
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love the faithless sinner still.
- 3 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore;
Oh, for thy truth and mercy's sake,
Forgive, and bid me sin no more:
The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a house of prayer.
- 4 O give me, Lord, the tender heart,
That trembles at th' approach of sin:
A godly fear of sin impart,
Implant and root it deep within;
That I may dread thy gracious power,
And never dare offend thee more.
-

HYMN CXXIX. Zech. xii. 10. (C. M.)

- 1 OH, if my soul were form'd for woe,
How would I vent my sighs!
Repentance should like rivers flow
From both my streaming eyes.
- 2 'Twas for my sins my dearest Lord
Hung on the cursed tree,
And groan'd away a dying life
For thee, my soul, for thee.
- 3 Oh, how I hate those lusts of mine,
That crucified my God,
Those sins that pierc'd and nail'd his flesh
Fast to the fatal wood!

ON PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE. 168

- 4 Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die;
My heart has so decreed:
Nor will I spare the guilty things
That made my Saviour bleed.
-

HYMN CXXX. Zech. XIII. 1. (C. M.)

- 1 THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away!
- 3 Dear dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be sav'd, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
- 5 But when this lisping, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing thy power to save.
-

HYMN CXXXI. Matt. v. 3—12. (L. M.)

- 1 BLEST are the humble souls, that see
Their emptiness and poverty:
Treasures of grace to them are giv'n,
And crowns of joy laid up in heav'n.
- 2 Blest are the souls who thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness:

- They shall be well supplied and fed
With living streams and living bread.
- 3 Blest are the men whose bowels move,
And melt with sympathy and love :
From Christ the Lord shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.
- 4 Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling power of sin :
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.
- 5 Blest are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife :
They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.
- 6 Blest are the suff'ers, who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake :
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord ;
Glory and joy are their reward.

HYMN CXXXII. Matt. VI. 6. (C. M.)

- 1 FATHER divine, thy piercing eye
Sees through the darkest night :
In deep retirement thou art nigh,
With heart-discerning sight.
- 2 There may that piercing eye survey
My duteous homage paid,
With every morning's dawning ray,
And every evening's shade.
- 3 Oh, let thine own celestial fire
The incense still inflame ;
While my warm vows to thee aspire,
Through my Redeemer's name.
- 4 So shall the visits of thy love
My soul in secret bless ;

ON PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE. 165

So shalt thou deign in worlds above
Thy suppliant to confess.

HYMN CXXXIII. Matt. xxv. 35—40. (C. M.)

- 1 JESUS, my Lord, how rich thy grace!
Thy bounties how complete!
How shall I count the matchless sum?
How pay the mighty debt?
 - 2 High on a throne of radiant light
Dost thou exalted shine:
What can my poverty bestow,
When all the worlds are thine?
 - 3 But thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of thy grace;
And wilt confess their humble names
Before thy Father's face.
 - 4 In them thou may'st be cloth'd and fed,
And visited and cheer'd;
And in their accents of distress
My Saviour's voice is heard.
 - 5 Thy face, with rev'rence and with love,
We in thy poor would see:
Oh, may we rather beg our bread,
Than keep it back from thee.
-

HYMN CXXXIV. Mark viii. 38. (L. M.)

- 1 JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man asham'd of thee?
Asham'd of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days!
- 2 Asham'd of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own her star:
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

- 3 Asham'd of Jesus! that dear Friend,
On whom my hopes of heav'n depend!
No! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
- 4 Asham'd of Jesus! Yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tears to wipe, no good to crave,
And no immortal soul to save.
- 5 Till then—nor is the boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain!
And oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not asham'd of me!
-

HYMN CXXXV. Luke i. 68—79. (C. M.)

- 1 Now be the God of Israel bless'd,
Who makes his truth appear:
His mighty hand fulfils his word,
And all the oaths he sware.
- 2 Now he bedews old David's root
With blessings from the skies:
He makes the Branch of promise grow,
The promis'd Horn arise.
- 3 John was the prophet of the Lord,
To go before his face;
The herald which our Saviour-God
Sent to prepare his ways.
- 4 "Behold the Lamb of God," he cries,
"That takes our guilt away:
"I saw the Spirit o'er his head
"On his baptizing-day."
- 5 The heathen realms with Israel's land
Shall join in sweet accord;
And all that's born of man shall see
The glory of the Lord.

- 6 Behold the Morning-star arise,
 Ye that in darkness sit;
 He marks the paths that lead to peace,
 And guides our doubtful feet.
-

HYMN CXXXVI. Luke XII. 35—8. (S. M.)

- 1 YE servants of the Lord,
 Each in his office wait,
 Observant of his heav'nly word,
 And watchful at his gate.
 - 2 Let all your lamps be bright,
 And trim the golden flame;
 Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
 For awful is his name.
 - 3 Watch, 'tis your Lord's command;
 And while we speak, he's near:
 Mark the first signal of his hand,
 And ready all appear.
 - 4 O happy servant he,
 In such a posture found!
 He shall his Lord with rapture see,
 And be with honour crown'd.
-

HYMN CXXXVII. Luke XIV. 17. (L. M.)

- 1 SINNERS! obey the Gospel-word,
 Haste to the supper of your Lord;
 Be wise to know your gracious day:
 All things are ready, come away.
- 2 Ready the Father is to own
 And kiss his late-returning son:
 Ready the pard'ning Saviour stands,
 And spreads for you his bleeding hands.
- 3 Ready the Spirit of his love
 Just now the stony heart to move,

- T' apply and witness with the blood,
And wash and seal you sons of God.
- 4 Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate:
Tuning their harps they long to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.
- 5 Come then, ye sinners, to your Lord,
To happiness in Christ restor'd;
His proffer'd benefits embrace,
And taste the fulness of his grace.
-

HYMN CXXXVIII. Luke xv. 7. (L. M.)

- 1 WHO can describe the joys, that rise
Through all the courts of paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born?
- 2 With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of his eternal love;
The Son with joy looks down and sees
The purchase of his agonies.
- 3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul he form'd anew;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.
-

HYMN CXXXIX. John i. 29. (C. M.)

- 1 BEHOLD the Lamb of God, who bore
Thy burdens on the tree,
And paid in blood the dreadful score,
The ransom due for thee!
- 2 Look to him, till the sight endears
The Saviour to thy heart:
*His pierced feet bedew with tears,
Nor from his cross depart.*

ON PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE. 169

- 3 Look to him, till his dying love
Thy every thought controul;
Its vast constraining influence prove
O'er body, spirit, soul.
- 4 Look to him, as the race you run,
Your never-failing Friend:
Finish he will the work begun,
And grace in glory end.
-

HYMN CXL. John III. 14—15. (C. M.)

- 1 So did the Hebrew prophet raise
The brazen serpent high:
The wounded felt immediate ease,
The camp forbore to die.
- 2 "Look upward in the dying hour,
And live," the prophet cries;
But Christ performs a nobler cure,
When faith lifts up her eyes.
- 3 High on the cross the Saviour hung,
High in the heav'ns he reigns:
Here sinners, by th' old serpent stung,
Look, and forget their pains.
- 4 When God's own Son is lifted up,
A dying world revives:
The Jew beholds the glorious hope,
Th' expiring Gentile lives.
-

HYMN CXLI. John III. 16—17. (S. M.)

- 1 RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune:
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.
- 2 Sing how eternal love
Its chief-beloved chose,

- And bid him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.
- 3 His hand no thunder bears,
Nor terror clothes his brow;
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.
- 4 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardon down
To rebels doom'd to die.
- 5 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace.
- 6 Lord, we obey thy call;
We lay a humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.
-

HYMN CXLII. John ix. 4. (L. M.)

- 1 AWAKE, my zeal, awake, my love,
To serve my Saviour here below,
In works which perfect saints above
And holy angels cannot do.
- 2 Awake, my charity, to feed
The hungry soul, and clothe the poor:
In heav'n are found no sons of need;
There all these duties are no more.
- 3 Subdue thy passions, O my soul!
Maintain the fight, thy work pursue;
Daily thy rising sins controul,
And be thy vict'ries ever new.
- 4 *The land of triumph lies on high;
There are no foes t' encounter there:*

ON PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE. 171

Lord, I would conquer till I die;
And finish all the glorious war.

- 5 Let every flying hour confess,
I gain thy gospel fresh renown :
And when my life and labours cease;
May I possess the promis'd crown !
-

HYMN CXLIII. John x. 11—16. (L. M.)

- 1 JESUS, the Shepherd of the sheep,
Thy little flock in safety keep;
The flock, for which thou cam'st from
heav'n,
The flock, for which thy life was giv'n.
2 Thou saw'st them wand'ring far from thee,
Secure as if from danger free:
Thy love did all their wand'rings trace,
And bring them to a wealthy place.
3 O guard thy sheep from beasts of prey,
And keep them that they never stray :
Cherish the young, sustain the old ;
Let none be feeble in thy fold.
4 Secure them from the scorching beam,
And lead them to the living stream :
In verdant pastures let them lie,
And watch them with a Shepherd's eye.
5 Lord, bring thy sheep that wander yet,
And let the number be complete !
Oh, may they all discern thy voice,
And in its sacred sound rejoice !
-

HYMN CXLIV. John xix. 30. (P. M. *Sicilian.*)

- 1 "IT is finish'd !" Sinners, hear it ;
'Tis the dying Victor's cry :
"It is finish'd !" Angels, bear it,
Bear the joyful truth on high !

"It is finish'd!"

Tell it through the earth and sky!

- 2 Hear the Lord himself declaring
All perform'd, he came to do:
Sinners, in yourselves despairing,
This is joyful news to you;
Jesus speaks it,
His are faithful words and true.
- 3 Crown the mighty Conqu'ror, crown him,
Who his people's foes o'ercame!
In the highest heav'n enthrone him!
Men and angels, sound his fame!
Hallelujah!
Glory to Immanuel's name!

HYMN CXLV. Rom. i. 4. (L. M.)

- 1 BEHOLD, the blind their sight receive!
Behold, the dead awake and live!
The dumb speak wonders, and the lame
Leap like the hart, and bless his name.
- 2 Thus does th' eternal Spirit own
And seal the mission of the Son;
The Father vindicates his cause,
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.
- 3 He dies; the heav'ns in mourning stood:
He rises, and appears a God!
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die.
- 4 Hence and for ever from my heart
I bid my doubts and fears depart;
And to those hands my soul resign,
Which bear credentials so divine.

HYMN CXLVI. Rom. i. 16. (L. M.)

- 1 WHAT shall the dying sinner do,
That seeks relief for all his woe?

ON PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE. 173

- Where shall the guilty conscience find
Ease for the torment of the mind ?
- 2 How shall we get our crimes forgiv'n,
Or form our natures fit for heav'n ?
Can souls all o'er defil'd with sin
Make their own powers & passions clean ?
- 3 In vain we search, in vain we try,
Till Jesus brings his gospel nigh ;
'Tis there such power and glory dwell,
As saves rebellious souls from hell.
- 4 This is the pillar of our hope,
That bears our fainting spirits up :
We read the grace, we trust the word,
And find salvation in the Lord.
-

HYMN CXLVII. Rom. I. 16—17. (L. M.)

- 1 NOT by the laws of innocence
Can Adam's sons arrive at heav'n :
New works can give us no pretence
To have our ancient sins forgiv'n.
- 2 Not the best deeds that we have done,
Can make a wounded conscience whole :
Faith is the grace, and faith alone,
That flies to Christ, and saves the soul.
- 3 Lord, I believe thy heav'nly word ;
Fain would I have my soul renew'd :
I mourn for sin, and trust the Lord
To have it pardon'd and subdued.
- 4 Oh, may thy grace its power display ;
Let guilt and death no longer reign :
Save me in thine appointed way,
Nor let my humble faith be vain !
-

HYMN CXLVIII. Rom. II. 4. (L. M.)

- 1 GOD over all ! the sun by day
Reveals thy glory in his light :

- The moon and stars thy voice obey,
And shew thy presence through the night.
- 2 Lord, to the humble and the poor,
High as thou art, thy gifts descend :
Their bread is giv'n, their water sure ;
Thou art their Father, thou their Friend.
- 3 Bow'd at thy footstool we confess,
With grief and shame, our sin and guilt :
O turn from our unrighteousness,
And look on him whose blood was spilt :
- 4 On him, who bore thy chast'ning rod,
That we might by his stripes be heal'd :
He died for us, the Lamb of God !
He rose, and our redemption seal'd.
- 5 And shall we, Father, can we still
Resist thy fear, thy love despise ?
O take us, soul, affection, will,
A free and living sacrifice.
-

HYMN CXLIX. Rom. VII. 21—5. (C. M.)

- 1 WHAT vain desires, and passions vain,
Attend this mortal clay !
Oft have they pierc'd my soul with pain,
And drawn my heart astray.
- 2 How have I wander'd from my God !
And following sin and shame,
In this vile world of flesh and blood,
Defil'd my nobler frame !
- 3 My spirit holds perpetual war,
And wrestles and complains ;
But views the happy moment near,
That shall dissolve its chains.
- 4 *Cheerful in death I close my eyes,
To part with every lust ;*

And charge my flesh, whene'er it rise,
To leave them in the dust.

- 5 My purer spirit shall not fear
To put this body on :
Its tempting powers no more are there,
Its lusts and passions gone !

HYMN CL. Rom. XI. 25—6. (P. M. *Carey's*.)

- 1 FATHER of faithful Abra'm, hear
Our earnest suit for Abra'm's seed !
They claim the sympathetic prayer
From us, adopted in their stead ;
Who mercy through their fall obtain,
And Christ by their rejection gain.
- 2 Hast thou for ever, Lord, forsook,
For ever cast thine own away ?
Wilt thou not bid the murd'ers look
On him they pierc'd, and weep & pray ?
Yes, gracious Lord, thy word is past ;
" All Israel shall be sav'd at last."
- 3 Come, then, thou great Deliv'rer, come,
The veil from Jacob's heart remove ;
Receive thine ancient people home,
That, quicken'd by thy dying love,
The world may their reception view,
And shout to God the glory due !

HYMN CLI. Rom. XII. 1. (S. M.)

- 1 AND will th' eternal King
So mean a gift regard ?
That off'ring, Lord, with joy we bring,
Which thine own hand prepar'd.
- 2 We own thy various claim ;
And to thine altar move,
The willing victims of thy grace,
And bound with cords of love.

- 3 Descend, celestial fire!
 The sacrifice inflame:
 So shall a grateful odour rise
 Through our Redeemer's name.

HYMN CLII. 1 Cor. I. 21—4. (L. M.)

- 1 THIS is the word of truth and love,
 Sent to the nations from above.
 Jehovah here resolves to shew,
 What his almighty grace can do.
- 2 This remedy did wisdom find,
 To heal diseases of the mind;
 This sov'reign balm, whose virtues can
 Restore the ruin'd creature, man.
- 3 The gospel bids the dead revive;
 Sinners obey the voice and live:
 Dry bones are rais'd, and cloth'd afresh,
 And hearts of stone are turn'd to flesh.
- 4 Where Satan reign'd in shades of night,
 The gospel strikes a heav'nly light;
 Our lusts its wondrous power controuls,
 And calms the rage of angry souls.
- 5 Lions and beasts of savage name
 Put on the nature of the lamb;
 While the vain world esteem it strange,
 Gaze, and admire, and hate the change.
- 6 May but this grace my soul renew,
 Let sinners gaze, and hate me too!
 The word that sáves me, does engage
 A sure defence from all their rage.

HYMN CLIII. 1 Cor. I. 30. (L. M.)

- 1 BURIED in shadows of the night
 We lie, till Christ restores the light;
 Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
 And chase the darkness of the mind.

ON PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE. 177

- 2 Our guilty souls are drown'd in tears,
Till his atoning blood appears :
Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing "The Lord our Righteousness."
- 3 Our very frame is mix'd with sin ;
His Spirit makes our natures clean :
Such virtues from his suff'rings flow,
At once to cleanse and pardon too.
- 4 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his slaves in heavy chains :
He sets the pris'ners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.
- 5 Poor helpless worms in thee possess
Grace, wisdom, power, and righteousness :
Thou art our mighty All, and we
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

HYMN CLIV. 1 Cor. II. 9—10. (C. M.)

- 1 **NOR** eye has seen, nor ear has heard,
Nor sense nor reason known,
What joys the Father has prepar'd
For those that love his Son.
- 2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heav'n to come :
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.
- 3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace ;
No wanton lips, nor envious eye,
Can see or taste the bliss.
- 4 Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame :
None shall obtain admittance there,
But foll'wers of the Lamb.

- 5 He keeps the Father's book of life ;
There all their names are found ;
The hypocrite in vain shall strive
To tread the heav'nly ground.
-

HYMN CLV. 1 Cor. III. 21. (L. M.)

- 1 How vast the treasure we possess !
How rich thy bounty, King of grace !
This world is ours, and worlds to come ;
Earth is our lodge, and heav'n our home.
- 2 All things are ours, the gifts of God ;
The purchase of a Saviour's blood ;
While the good Spirit shews us how
To use, and to improve them too.
- 3 If peace and plenty crown my days,
They help me, Lord, to speak thy praise :
If bread of sorrows be my food,
Those sorrows work my lasting good.
- 4 I would not change my blest estate
For all the world calls good or great ;
And while my faith can keep her hold,
I envy not the sinner's gold.
- 5 Father, I wait thy daily will :
Thou shalt divide my portion still :
Grant me on earth what seems thee best,
Till death and heav'n reveal the rest.
-

HYMN CLVI. 1 Cor. xv. 55—7. (C. M.)

- 1 OH for an overcoming faith,
To cheer my dying hours ;
To triumph o'er the monster death,
And all his frightful powers !
- 2 Joyful with all the strength I have,
My quiv'ring lips should sing,

"Where is thy boasted vict'ry, Grave?

"And where the monster's sting?"

- 3 If sin be pardon'd, I'm secure ;
Death has no sting beside:
The law gives sin its damning power ;
But Christ, my ransom, died.
- 4 Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conqu'rors while we die,
Through Christ, our living head !

HYMN CLVII. 1 Cor. XVI. 13. (C. M.)

- 1 ~~ARE~~ we the soldiers of the cross,
The foll'wers of the Lamb ?
And shall we fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name ?
- 2 Now we must fight, if we would reign ;
Increase our courage, Lord !
We'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.
- 3 Suppress our shame, subdue our fear,
Arm us with heav'nly zeal ;
That we may make thy power appear,
And works of praise fulfil.
- 4 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die :
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.
- 5 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thine armies shine
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

HYMN CLVIII. 2 Cor. v. 1, 5—8. (C. M.)

- 1 **THERE** is a house not made with hands,
Eternal, and on high;
And here my spirit waiting stands,
Till God shall bid it fly.
- 2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolv'd and fall:
Then, O my soul! with joy obey
Thy heav'nly Father's call.
- 3 'Tis he, by his almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heav'n;
And, as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit giv'n.
- 4 We walk by faith of joys to come;
Faith lives upon his word;
But while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.
- 5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we had rather see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.

HYMN CLIX. 2 Cor. v. 7. (L. M.)

- 1 'TIS by the faith of joys to come
We walk through deserts dark as night;
Till we arrive at heav'n, our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.
- 2 The want of sight she well supplies;
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.
- 3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heav'nly ray,
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
And clouds and darkness spread the way.

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- 4 So Abra'm, by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God;
His faith beheld the promis'd land,
And fir'd his zeal along the road.
-

HYMN CLX. Galat. v. 17. (L. M.)

- 1 WHAT jarring natures dwell within,
Imperfect grace, remaining sin!
Nor this can reign, nor that prevail,
Though each by turns my heart assail.
- 2 Now I complain, and groan, and die;
Now raise my songs of triumph high;
Sing a rebellious passion slain,
Or mourn to feel it live again.
- 3 Again the Spirit lifts his sword,
And power divine attends the word:
I feel the aid its comforts yield,
And vanquish'd passions quit the field.
- 4 But short the joys thy visits give:
How for thine absence, Lord, I grieve!
What clouds obscure my rising sun,
Or intercept its rays at noon!
- 5 Great God, assist me through the fight,
Make me triumphant in thy might:
Thou the desponding heart canst raise,
The vict'ry mine, and thine the praise.
-

HYMN CLXI. Galat. vi. 14. (L. M.)

- 1 WE sing the praise of him who died,
Of him who died upon the cross:
The sinner's hope let men deride;
For this we count the world but loss.
- 2 Inscrib'd upon the cross we see
In shining letters "GOD IS LOVE:"

- He bears our sins upon the tree,
 He brings us mercy from above.
- 3 THE CROSS! it takes our guilt away,
 It holds the fainting spirit up;
 It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
 And sweetens every bitter cup.
- 4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
 And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
 It takes its terror from the grave,
 And gilds the bed of death with light.
- 5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
 The measure and the pledge of love;
 The sinner's refuge here below,
 The angels' theme in heav'n above.

HYMN CLXII. Ephes. II. 1—8. (C. M.)

- 1 GREAT King of glory and of grace!
 We own with humble shame,
 How vile is our degen'rate race,
 And our first father's name.
- 2 From Adam flows our tainted blood;
 The poison reigns within;
 Makes us averse to all that's good,
 And willing slaves to sin.
- 3 We live estrang'd afar from God,
 And love the distance well;
 With haste we run the dang'rous road,
 That leads to death and hell.
- 4 And can such rebels be restor'd?
 Such natures made divine?
 Let sinners see thy glory, Lord,
 And feel this power of thine.
- 5 We raise our Father's name on high,
 Who his own Spirit sends
To bring rebellious strangers nigh,
And turn his foes to friends.

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HYMN CLXIII. Ephes. II. 5. (S. M.)

- 1 GRACE! 'tis a joyful sound,
Harmonious to the ear!
Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
 - 2 Grace first contriv'd a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.
 - 3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heav'nly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.
 - 4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days:
It lays in heav'n the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.
-

HYMN CLXIV. Ephes. III. 16—9. (L. M.)

- 1 COME, gracious Lord, descend and dwell
By faith and love in every breast:
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,
The joys that cannot be express'd.
- 2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength;
Make our enlarged souls possess
And learn the height, and breadth, and
length
Of thine unmeasurable grace.
- 3 Now to the God, whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honours done,
By all the church, through Christ his Son!

HYMN CLXV. Ephes. iv. 15—6. (C. M.)

- 1 **JESUS**, I sing thy matchless grace,
That calls a worm thine own;
Gives me among thy saints a place
To make thy glories known.
 - 2 Allied to thee, our vital Head,
We act, and grow, and thrive;
From thee divided, each is dead,
When most he seems alive.
 - 3 Thy saints on earth, and those above,
Here join in sweet accord;
One body all in mutual love,
And thou our common Lord.
 - 4 Oh, may my faith each hour derive
Thy Spirit with delight;
While death and hell in vain shall strive
This bond to disunite.
 - 5 Thou the whole body wilt present
Before thy Father's face;
Nor shall a wrinkle or a spot
Its beauteous form disgrace.
-

HYMN CLXVI. Ephes. vi. 10—13. (L. M.)

- 1 **STAND** up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel-armour on:
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where thy great Captain-Saviour's gone.
- 2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes;
Thy Jesus nail'd them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.
- 3 *What, tho' the prince of darkness rage,
And waste the fury of his spite?*

- Eternal chains confine him down
To fiery deeps, and endless night.
- 4 What, tho' thine inward lusts rebel?
'Tis but a struggling gasp for life:
The weapons of victorious grace
Shall slay thy sins, and end the strife.
- 5 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heav'nly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glitt'ring robes for conqu'rors wait.
- 6 There may I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

HYMN CLXVII. Phil. III. 7—9. (L. M.)

- 1 No more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.
- 2 Now for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.
- 3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake:
Oh, may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake!
- 4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne;
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

HYMN CLXVIII. Phil. III. 20—1. (S. M.)

- 1 And must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?

- And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mould'ring in the clay?
- 2 Corruption, earth, and worms,
Shall but refine this flesh;
Till my triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh.
- 3 God my Redeemer lives,
And often from the skies
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.
- 4 Array'd in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape, and every face
Look heav'nly and divine.
- 5 'These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love:
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.
-

HYMN CLXIX. 1 Tim. II. 2. (C. M.)

- 1 SOV'REIGN of all! whose will ordains
The powers on earth that be;
By whom our rightful monarch reigns,
Subject to none but thee;
- 2 Lo! in the arms of faith and prayer
We bear him to thy throne;
Receive thine own peculiar care,
The Lord's anointed one.
- 3 Guard him from all who would oppose
Thy delegate and thee;
From open and from secret foes,
From force and perfidy!
- 4 In health and wealth may he increase;
Defend him, Lord, defend;

Stablish his throne in righteousness,
And save him to the end.

- 5 His people, bound in unity,
With every mercy bless:
Make us a people fearing thee,
And working righteousness.
-

HYMN CLXX. 1 Tim. vi. 16. (L. M.)

- 1 **JEHOVAH** reigns! his throne is high;
His robes are light and majesty:
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.
- 2 His terrors keep the world in awe;
His justice guards his holy law;
His love reveals a smiling face;
His truth and promise seal the grace.
- 3 Through all his works his wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs:
His power is sov'reign to fulfil
The noblest counsels of his will.
- 4 And will this glorious Lord descend
To be my Father and my Friend?
Then let my songs with angels join:
Heav'n is secure, if God be mine.
-

HYMN CLXXI. Tit. ii. 10—3. (L. M.)

- 1 So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess:
So let our works and virtues shine,
'To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour-God;
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

- 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride ;
While justice, temp'rance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.
- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.
-

HYMN CLXXII. Tit. III. 3—7. (C. M.)

- 1 LORD, we confess our num'rous faults,
How great our guilt has been :
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
And all our lives were sin.
- 2 But, O my soul ! for ever praise,
For ever love his name,
Who turns thy feet from dang'rous ways
Of folly, sin, and shame.
- 3 'Tis not by works of righteousness,
Which our own hands have done ;
But we are sav'd by sov'reign grace
Abounding through the Son.
- 4 'Tis from the mercy of our God,
That all our hopes begin :
'Tis by the water and the blood
Our souls are wash'd from sin.
- 5 'Tis through the purchase of his death,
Who hung upon the tree,
The Spirit is sent down to breathe
On such dry bones as we.
- 6 Rais'd from the dead we live anew ;
And, justified by grace,
We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face.

HYMN CLXXIII. Heb. I. 14. (L. M.)

- 1 **HIGH** on a hill of dazzling light
The King of glory spreads his seat ;
And troops of angels stretch'd for flight
Stand waiting round his awful feet.
 - 2 Here a bright squadron leaves the skies,
And thick around Elisha stands ;
Anon a heav'nly soldier flies,
And breaks the chains from Peter's hands.
 - 3 Thy winged troops, O God of hosts,
Wait on thy wand'ring church below :
Here we are sailing to thy coasts ;
Let angels be our convoy too.
 - 4 Are they not all thy servants, Lord ?
At thy command they go and come ;
With cheerful haste obey thy word,
And guard thy children to their home.
-

HYMN CLXXIV. Heb. II. 16. (C. M.)

- 1 **DOWN** headlong from their native skies
The rebel-angels fell ;
And thunderbolts of flaming wrath
Pursued them deep to hell.
- 2 Down from the top of earthly bliss
Rebellious man was hurl'd ;
And Jesus stoop'd beneath the grave
To reach a sinking world.
- 3 O love of infinite degree !
Unmeasurable grace !
Must heav'n's eternal Sov'reign die
To save a trait'rous race ?
- 4 Must angels sink for ever down,
And burn in quenchless fire,

- While God forsakes his shining throne
To raise us wretches higher ?
- 5 Oh, for this love let earth and skies
With hallelujahs ring ;
And the full choir of human tongues
Immortal praises sing.
-

HYMN CLXXV. Heb. iv. 15—6. (C. M.)

- 1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High-Priest above ;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.
- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame ;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.
- 3 But spotless, innocent, and pure,
The great Redeemer stood,
While Satan's fiery darts he bore,
And did resist to blood.
- 4 He in the days of feeble flesh
Pour'd out his cries and tears ;
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.
- 5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power :
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In the distressing hour.
-

HYMN CLXXVI. Heb. vi. 17—9. (L. M.)

- 1 How oft have sin and Satan strove
To rend my soul from thee, my God !
But everlasting is thy love,
And Jesus seals it with his blood.

- 2 The oath and promise of the Lord
Join to confirm the wondrous grace;
Eternal power performs the word,
And fills all heav'n with endless praise.
 - 3 Amidst temptations sharp and long,
My soul to this dear refuge flies :
Hope is my anchor sure and strong,
While tempests blow and billows rise.
 - 4 The gospel bears my spirit up ;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation for my hope
In oaths, and promises, and blood.
-

HYMN CLXXVII. Heb. vii. 25. (L. M.)

- 1 HE lives, the great Redeemer lives :
What joy the blest assurance gives!
And now, before his Father God,
Pleads the full merit of his blood.
- 2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice arm'd with frowns appears;
But in the Saviour's lovely face
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.
- 3 Hence, then, ye black despairing thoughts :
Above our fears, above our faults,
His powerful intercessions rise ;
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.
- 4 In every dark distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on his heart.
- 5 Great Advocate, Almighty Friend !
On him our humble hopes depend :
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

HYMN CLXXXVIII. Heb. xi. 1—10. (c. m.)

- 1 FAITH is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight;
Breaks thro' the clouds of flesh and sense,
And dwells in heav'nly light.
 - 2 It sets times past in present view,
Brings distant prospects home,
Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.
 - 3 By faith we know the worlds were made
By God's almighty word;
Abra'm, to unknown countries led,
By faith obey'd the Lord.
 - 4 He sought a city fair and high,
Built by th' eternal hands;
And faith assures us, though we die,
That heav'nly building stands.
-

HYMN CLXXIX. Heb. xii. 18—24. (c. m.)

- 1 NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke;
- 2 But we are come to Zion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.
- 3 Behold th' innumerable host
Of angels cloth'd in light!
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turn'd to sight!
- 4 Behold the blest assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heav'n!
And God, the judge of all, declares
Their vilest sins forgiv'n.

- 5 The saints on earth, and all the dead,
 But one communion make;
 All join in Christ their living head,
 And of his grace partake.
- 6 In such society as this
 My weary soul would rest:
 The man that dwells where Jesus is,
 Must be for ever blest.
-

HYMN CLXXX. THE SAME. (L. M.)

- 1 WHILE Sinai roars, and round the earth
 Thunder, and fire, and vengeance flings,
 Jesus, thy dear expiring breath,
 And Calvary, speak gentler things:
- 2 Pardon, and grace, and endless love,
 Streaming along a Saviour's blood;
 And life, and joy, and crowns above,
 Purchas'd by our redeeming God!
- 3 Hark! how he prays, (the charming sound
 Dwells on his dying lips)—FORGIVE!
 And every groan and bleeding wound
 Cries, "Father, let the sinner live!"
- 4 Go! ye that rest upon the law,
 And toil, and seek salvation there!
 Behold the sight which Moses saw,
 And shrink, and tremble, and despair.
- 5 But we'll retire beneath the cross;
 Immanuel, at thy feet we lie;
 And the keen sword that justice draws,
 Flaming and red, shall pass us by.
-

HYMN CLXXXI. 1 Pet. i. 3—5. (C. M.)

- 1 BLEST be the everlasting God,
 The Father of our Lord!

- Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
His majesty ador'd !
- 2 When from the dead he rais'd his Son,
And call'd him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope,
That they should never die.
- 3 What, though our inbred sins require
Our flesh to see the dust?
Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose,
So all his foll'wers must.
- 4 There's an inheritance divine
Reserv'd against that day ;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
And cannot fade away.
- 5 Saints by the power of God are kept,
Till their salvation come :
We walk by faith as strangers here,
Till Christ shall call us home.
-

HYMN CLXXXII. 1 Pet. II. 7. (P. M. *Carey's*.)

- 1 JESUS, how precious is thy name !
Beloved of the Father, thou !
Oh, let me catch th' immortal flame,
With which angelic bosoms glow !
As angels love thee I would love,
And imitate the blest above !
- 2 My Prophet thou, my heav'nly guide,
Thy sweet instructions I will hear :
The words that from thy lips proceed,
O how divinely sweet they are !
Thee, my great Prophet, I would love,
And imitate the blest above !
- 3 My great High-Priest, whose precious
Did once atone upon the cross ; [blood

Who now dost intercede with God,
And plead the friendless sinner's cause;
In thee I trust; thee would I love,
And imitate the blest above!

- 4 My King supreme, to thee I bow,
A willing subject at thy feet;
All other Lords I disavow,
And to thy government submit:
My Saviour-King this heart would love,
And imitate the blest above!
-

HYMN CLXXXIII. 1 Pet. II. 21. (L. M.)

- 1 JESUS, my Saviour and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.
 - 2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such def'rence to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.
 - 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witness'd the fervour of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy vict'ry too.
 - 4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God my Judge shall own my name
Among the foll'wers of the Lamb.
-

HYMN CLXXXIV. 2 Pet. III. 13. (L. M.)

- 1 SING to the Lord that built the skies,
The Lord that rear'd this stately frame;
Let all the nations sound his praise,
And lands unknown repeat his name.

- 2 He form'd the seas, and form'd the hills,
Made every drop, and every dust,
Nature and time, with all their wheels;
And push'd them into motion first.
 - 3 Now from his high imperial throne
He looks far down upon the spheres;
He bids the shining orbs roll on,
And round he turns our hasty years.
 - 4 Thus shall this moving engine last,
Till all his saints are gather'd in;
Then for the trumpet's dreadful blast,
To shake it all to dust again!
 - 5 Yet, when the sound shall tear the skies,
And lightning burn the globe below,
Saints, you may lift your joyful eyes;
There's a new heav'n and earth for you.
-

HYMN CLXXXV. 1 John III. 1—3. (S. M.)

- 1 BEHOLD, what wondrous grace
The Father has bestow'd
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!
- 2 Nor doth it yet appear,
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.
- 3 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.
- 4 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

- 5 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne :
Our faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And thou the kindred own.

HYMN CLXXXVI. Jude, 24—5. (S. M.)

- 1 To God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present our souls
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.
- 4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.
- 5 To our Redeemer God
Wisdom and power belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

HYMN CLXXXVII. Rev. I. 5—7. (L. M.)

- 1 Now to the Lord, that makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honours paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.
- 2 'Twas he that cleans'd our foulest sins,
And wash'd us in his richest blood :
'Tis he that makes us priests and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.

- 3 To Jesus, our atoning Priest,
 To Jesus, our superior King,
 Be everlasting power confess'd,
 And every tongue his glory sing.
- 4 Behold, on flying clouds he comes,
 And every eye shall see him move :
 Tho' with our sins we pierc'd him once,
 Then he displays his pard'ning love.
- 5 The unbelieving world shall wail,
 While saints rejoice to see the day :
 Come, Lord, nor let thy promise fail,
 Nor let thy chariots long delay.

HYMN CLXXXVIII. Rev. v.11-3. (P.M. *Haydn's*.)

- 1 HARK! the notes of angels singing,
 "Glory, glory to the Lamb!"
 All in heav'n their tribute bringing,
 Raising high the Saviour's name.
 See, th' angelic hosts have crown'd him,
 Jesus fills the throne on high :
 Countless myriads, gath'ring round him,
 With his praises rend the sky.
- 2 Ye for whom his life was given,
 Sacred themes to you belong ;
 Come, assist the choir of heaven ;
 Join the everlasting song.
 Endless life in him possessing,
 Let us praise his precious name :
 Glory, honour, power, and blessing,
 Be for ever to the Lamb!

HYMN CLXXXIX. THE SAME. (C.M.)

- 1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
 With angels round the throne :
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus ;"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."
 - 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine ;
And blessings more than we can give
Be, Lord, for ever thine.
 - 4 Let all creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.
-

HYMN CX. Rev. vii. 13—7. (L. M.)

- 1 "WHAT happy men or angels these,
"That all their robes are spotless white ?
"Whence did this glorious troop arrive
"At the pure realms of heav'nly light ?"
- 2 From tort'ring racks and burning fires,
And seas of their own blood, they came ;
But nobler blood has wash'd their robes,
Flowing from Christ, the dying Lamb.
- 3 Now they approach th' Almighty throne
With loud hosannas night and day :
Sweet anthems to the great Three-One
Measure their blest eternity.
- 4 No more shall hunger pain their souls ;
He bids their parching thirst be gone ;
And spreads the shadow of his wings,
To screen them from the scorching sun.
- 5 The Lamb that fills the middle throne,
Shall shed around his milder beams ;
There shall they feast on his rich love,
And drink full joys from living streams.

- 6 Thus shall their mighty bliss renew
Through the vast round of endless years ;
And the soft hand of sov'reign grace
Heals all their wounds, & wipes their tears.
-

HYMN CXCI. Rev. XI. 15. (L. M.)

- 1 JESUS, immortal King, ride on ;
The glorious day will soon be won :
Thine enemies prepare to flee,
And leave a conquer'd world to thee !
- 2 Gird on thy sword, victorious Chief,
The captive sinner's sole relief :
Cast the usurper from his throne,
And make the universe thine own.
- 3 Thy footsteps, Lord, with joy we trace,
And mark the conquests of thy grace :
Finish the work thou hast begun,
And let thy will on earth be done !
- 4 Hark ! how the hosts triumphant sing,
"The Lord Omnipotent is King!"
Let all his saints rejoice at this,
The kingdoms of the world are his !
-

HYMN CXCII. Rev. XII. 11. (C. M.)

- 1 GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.
- 2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears ;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.
- 3 I ask them whence their vict'ry came ;
They with united breath
*Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.*

- 4 They mark'd the footsteps that he trod,
(His zeal inspir'd their breast;)
And following their incarnate God,
Possess the promis'd rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For his own pattern giv'n;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Shew the same path to heav'n.

HYMN CXCIH. Rev. xiv. 13. (C. M.)

- 1 HEAR what the voice from heav'n pro-
For all the pious dead: [claims
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping-bed.
- 2 They die in Jesus, and are bless'd;
How kind their slumbers are!
From suff'rings and from sins releas'd,
And freed from every snare.
- 3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

HYMN CXCI. Rev. xv. 3—4. (C. M.)

- 1 How strong thine arm is, mighty God!
Who would not fear thy name?
Jesus, how sweet thy graces are!
Who would not love the Lamb?
- 2 He has done more than Moses did,
Our Prophet and our King:
From bonds of hell he freed our souls,
And taught our lips to sing.
- 3 In the Red Sea by Moses' hand
Th' Egyptian host was drown'd;

- But his own blood hides all our sins,
And guilt no more is found.
- 4 When through the desert Israel went,
With manna they were fed :
Our Lord invites us to his flesh,
And calls it living bread.
- 5 Moses beheld the promis'd land,
Yet never reach'd the place ;
But Christ shall bring his foll'wers home
To see his Father's face.
- 6 Then shall our love and joy be full,
And feel a warmer flame ;
And nobler voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.
-

HYMN CXCV. Rev. XIX. 16. (P. M. *Sicilian*.)

- 1 LOOK, ye saints! the sight is glorious ;
See the Man of sorrows now,
From the fight return'd victorious :
Every knee to him shall bow :
Crown him, crown him ;
Crowns become the victor's brow.
- 2 Sinners in derision crown'd him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim ;
Saints and angels crowd around him,
Own his title, praise his name :
Crown him, crown him ;
Spread abroad the victor's fame.
- 3 Hark, those bursts of acclamation !
Hark, those loud triumphant chords !
Jesus takes the highest station :
Oh, what joy the sight affords !
Crown him, crown him,
" King of Kings, and Lord of Lords."

ON PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE. 203

HYMN CXCVI. Rev. XXI. 1—4. (C. M.)

- 1 LO, what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are pass'd away,
And the old rolling skies.
- 2 From the third heav'n where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The new Jerusalem comes down,
Adorn'd with shining grace.
- 3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing :
"Mortals, behold the sacred seat
"Of your descending King.
- 4 "The God of glory down to men
"Removes his blest abode ;
"Men, the dear objects of his grace,
"And he their present God.
- 5 "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
"From every weeping eye ;
"And pains and groans, and griefs and
"And death itself shall die." [fears,
- 6 How long, dear Saviour, O how long
Shall this bright hour delay ?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

HYMN CXCVII. Rev. XXI. 5—6, 23. (C. M.)

- 1 ATTEND, while God's exalted Son
Doth his own glories shew :
"Behold, I sit upon my throne,
"Creating all things new.
- 2 "Nature and sin are pass'd away,
"And the old Adam dies ;
"My hands a new foundation lay ;
"See the new world arise !

- 3 "I'll be a Sun of righteousness
 "To the new heav'ns I make ;
 "None but the new-born heirs of grace
 " My glory shall partake."
- 4 Mighty Redeemer ! set me free
 From my old state of sin :
 O make my soul alive to thee ;
 Create new powers within.
- 5 Renew mine eyes, and form mine ears,
 And mould my heart afresh ;
 Give me new passions, joys, and fears,
 And turn the stone to flesh.
- 6 Far from the regions of the dead,
 From sin, and earth, and hell,
 In the new world that grace has made
 I would for ever dwell.
-

HYMN CXCVIII. VARIOUS SCRIPTURES. (C. M.)

- 1 As new-born babes desire the breast,
 To feed, and grow, and thrive ;
 So saints with joy the gospel taste,
 And by the gospel live.
- 2 With inward gust their heart approves
 All that the word relates :
 'They love the men their Father loves,
 And hate the works he hates.
- 3 Grace, like an uncorrupted seed,
 Abides and reigns within ;
 Immortal principles forbid
 The sons of God to sin.
- 4 Not by the terrors of a slave
 Do they perform his will ;
 *But with the noblest powers they have
 His sweet commands fulfil.*

- 5 They find access at every hour
 To God within the veil :
 Hence they derive a quick'ning power,
 And joys that never fail.
- 6 Lord, I address thy heav'nly throne!
 Call me a child of thine ;
 Send down the Spirit of thy Son,
 To form my heart divine.
-

HYMN CXCI. VARIOUS SCRIPTURES. (L. M.)

- 1 Go, worship at Immanuel's feet,
 See in his face what wonders meet :
 Earth is too narrow to express
 His worth, his glory, or his grace.
- 2 Is he compar'd to wine or bread ?
 Dear Lord, our souls would thus be fed :
 That flesh, that dying blood of thine,
 Is bread of life, is heav'nly wine.
- 3 Is he a rock ? How firm he proves !
 The Rock of ages never moves ;
 Yet the sweet streams, that from him flow,
 Attend us all the desert through.
- 4 Is he design'd a corner-stone,
 For men to build their heav'n upon ?
 I'll make him my foundation too,
 Nor fear the plots of hell below.
- 5 Is he a sun ? His beams are grace,
 His course is joy and righteousness ;
 Nations rejoice, when he appears
 To chase their clouds and dry their tears.
- 6 Oh, let me climb those higher skies,
 Where storms and darkness never rise !
 There he displays his power abroad,
 And shines and reigns th' incarnate God.

DOXOLOGIES.

I. (L. M.)

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

II. (L. M.)

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise and glory giv'n,
By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

III. (C. M.)

- 1 **THE** God of mercy be ador'd,
 Who calls our souls from death;
 Who saves by his redeeming word,
 And new-creating breath.
 - 2 **To** praise the Father, and the Son,
 And Spirit, all divine,
 The One in Three, and Three in One,
 Let saints and angels join.
-

IV. (S. M.)

GIVE to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honour done.

V. (P. M. 148th)

To God the Father's throne
Perpetual honours raise;
Glory to God the Son;
To God the Spirit praise:
Eternal King! with all our powers
Thy name we sing, while faith adores.

HOSANNAS.

I. (L. M.)

- 1 **HOSANNA** to **King David's Son**,
Who reigns on a superior throne!
We bless the **Prince of heav'nly birth**,
Who brings salvation down to earth.
 - 2 Let every nation, every age,
In this delightful work engage;
Old men and babes in **Zion** sing
The growing glories of her **King**.
-

II. (C. M.)

- 1 **HOSANNA** to the **Prince of grace**!
Zion, behold thy **King**;
Proclaim the **Son of David's race**,
And teach the babes to sing.
 - 2 **Hosanna** to th' incarnate **Word**,
Who from the **Father** came:
Ascribe salvation to the **Lord**,
With blessings on his name.
-

III. (S. M.)

- 1 **HOSANNA** to the **Son**
Of **David** and of **God**,
Who brought the news of pardon down,
And bought it with his blood.
- 2 To **Christ** th' anointed **King**
Be endless blessings giv'n;
Let the whole earth his glory sing,
Who made our peace with heav'n.

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